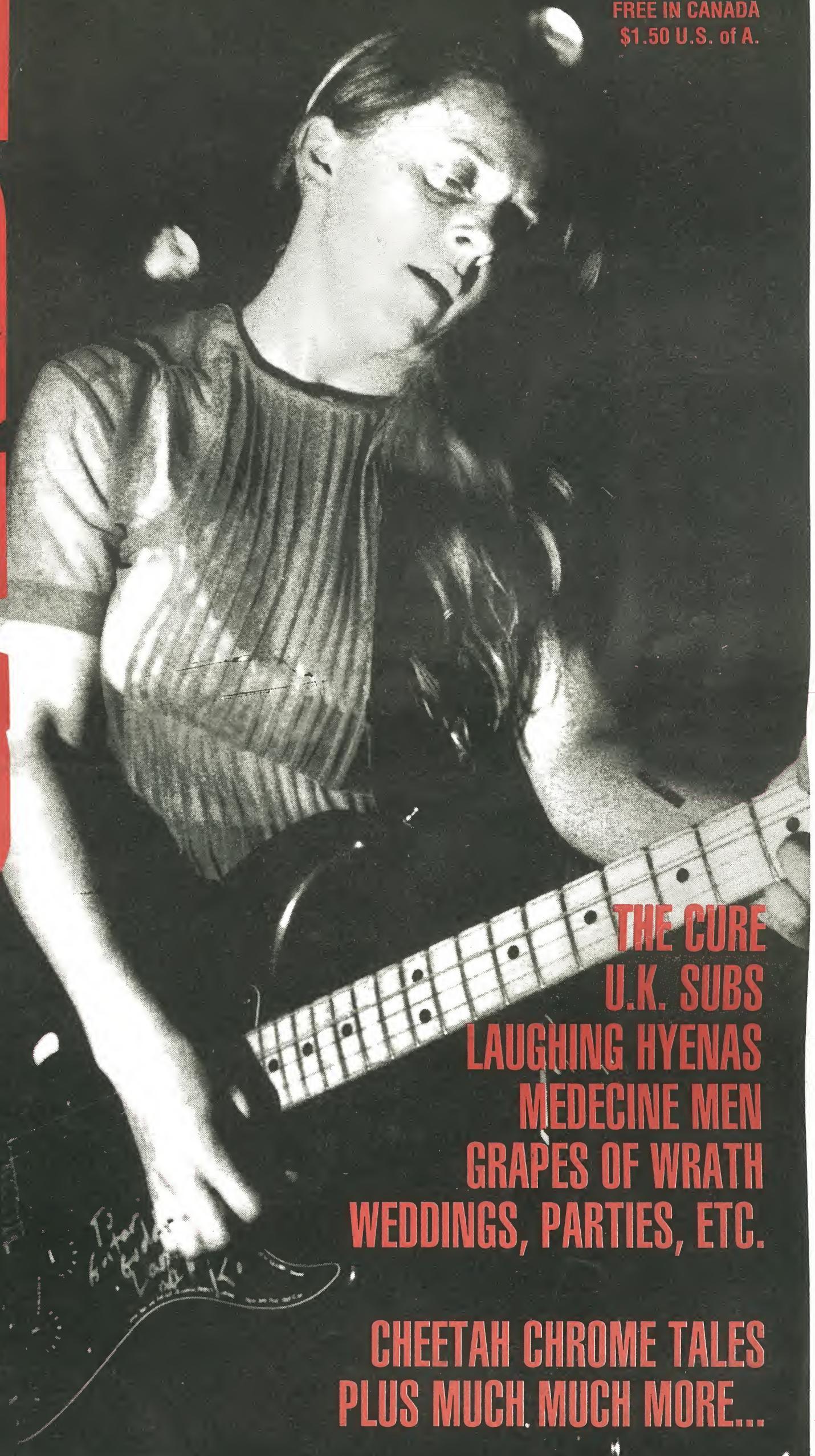


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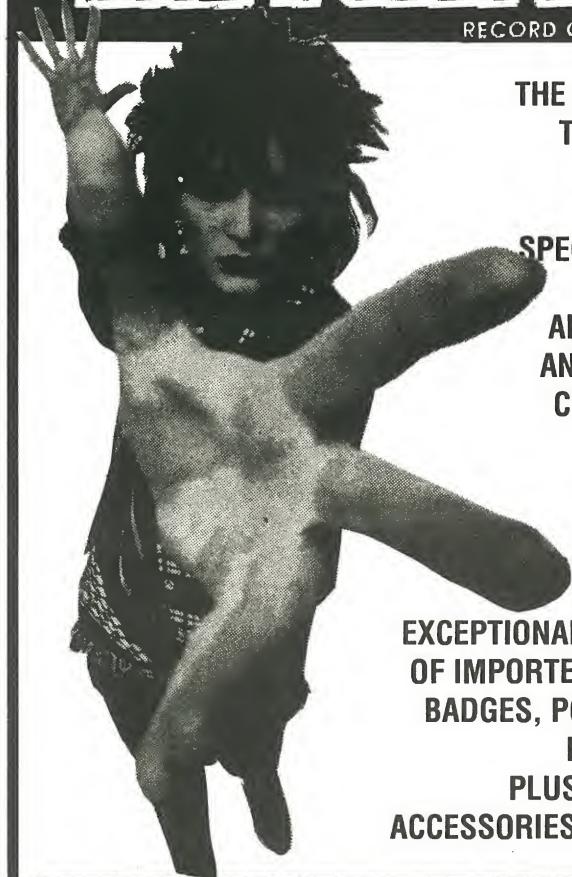
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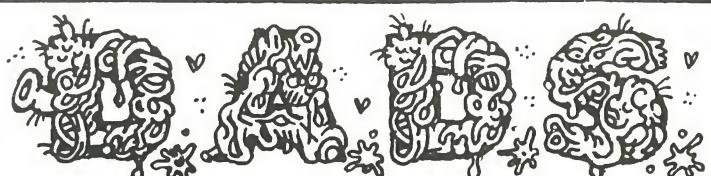
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GRAPHIC: Frank Lintzen

To To

Okay, so Emma and I went down to T.O. for our bi-annual get-away-from-Montreal and talk to Toronto RearGarde folks while we're in the neighbourhood trip. Yes, it was fun, thanx.

While there we took a couple of notes on things that are different between the two cities. No, not the obvious things like the fact that terminal anglophones can read all the signs in T.O. or that they have a real baseball team but we've got a real hockey team. No... we looked for stupid little things that you don't find in the travel brochures because most people really don't care. And I've listed some of them below...

Yeah, we all know Toronto's got Money, but maybe folks don't know exactly what that means. For one thing it means that you can get \$12 an hour to be a courier. In fact, Toronto's pretty much got full employment so having just any old job ain't such a Big Thing. This results in salespeople not being nearly so pushy (which is nice) and cabs being a lot scarcer (which ain't so hot at times).

But a lot of cash goes into rent in the big city. So you end up with a lot more multi-roommate places, especially for students. Getting five or ten people in houses is quite common and these places even get their own names.

I don't know if theyz more polite in T.O., but the cars actually stop—at traffic lights, at stop signs (instead of just slowing down to the speed limit like they do here) and even for pedestrians. Kindof makes it too bad that people don't jay-walk a little more to take advantage of it all. And, oh yeah, the traffic lights have this annoying one-second delay between the light turning red for one direction, and it turning green for the other.

...People in Toronto actually like their stadium, even though its catered by McDonald's—even the shrimp and caviar in the expensive seats... There's a sausage cart on every second corner downtown... People let you cheat at pool in bars without

getting switchblades out...

We were there during a transit slowdown, but the trams, busses and subways were still much much quicker than in Montreal. The subway also runs til 1:30, so you can catch one after the bars are closed, but no one does. We got on the last subway one night downtown and the station was deserted, the platform was deserted, and there wasn't one passenger on the whole damn train. If Toronto wasn't such a Polite city, it would've been downright scary.

...You can actually hear the announcements they make in the subway... they have a lot more two-way streets... there's a lot less bikes (as in 'motor...')... the subway makes this annoying constant humming noise as opposed to the Montreal metro which always starts off with the first three notes of the Olympic theme music...

Yes, there's a lot of bars. Yes, they close ridiculously early. But they do have an amazing variety of beers. Then again, there's no Happy Hours (something sure to drive Mr. Wonderful back to our fair city)... They actually ask for IDs in clubs even if you look like you're 32... Some clubs are located in the weirdest basements around town, quite a few looking like they just came through a gang war... Lots of beer, no drugs visible in bars...

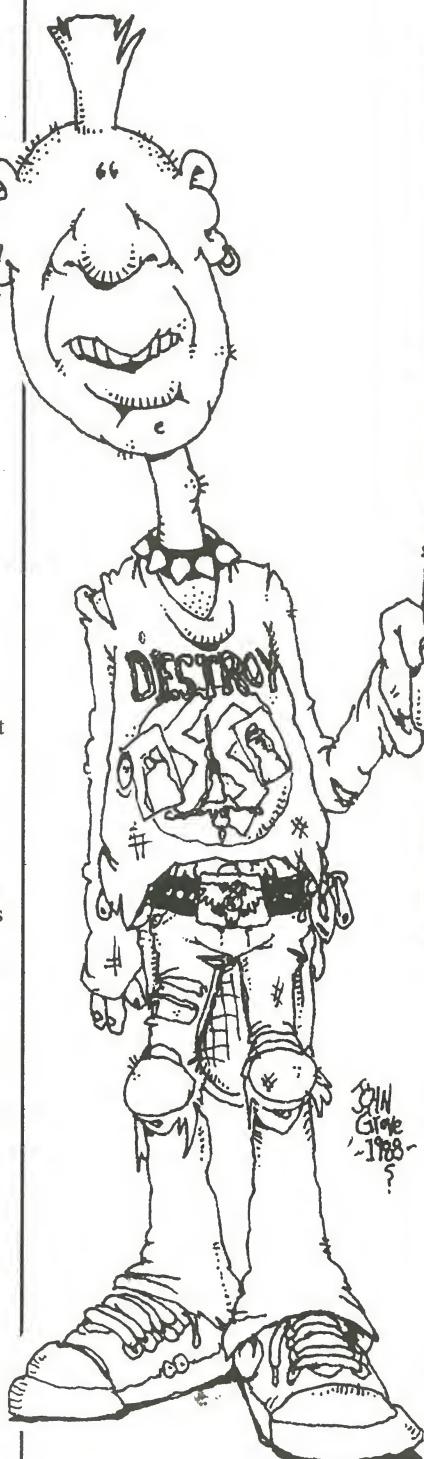
...There's all sorts of fun free numbers you can call for useless information listed in the front of the Yellow Pages... There's a heckuva lot of People Who Wear Black (even older secretarial types) but fewer folks who couldn't convert into business attire for a spiffy job at the drop of a hat... The "Party Line" has the same number and the same ads as in Montreal, which means the dweebs in the TV ads are probably from Toronto and not from here (thankthe-lord)... and the whole place dies on Sunday—the streets downtown turn into the barren empty stretches featured in B science fiction movies, except during the morning when there's a mini rush hour as people go to church...

And, most importantly, there's "Sex with Sue." Everywhere. On T.V. On the radio. Basically, your typical older sensible woman talking to folks about their sexual problems and hang-ups and who'll take even the most innocuous question about kissing and start talking about vaginas. A cultural must-see.

We like it. It's just so damn Foreign. 'Bye.

Paul Gott

GRAFFIC:
John Grove



EN GARDE

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4

So last month was the big Road Gore Banned Info column, this month is the big Break Up Banned Info. Not to get too discouraged—you shouldn't think of it so much as an end as much as it is the beginning of something better. Or something like that...

Hopefully Not The Beginning Of A Trend Department: Last month the Dik Van Dikes were on the cover of this rag, this month they broke up. Hopefully these events had nothing to do with each other (tho' being compared to Metallica in a page-long article can do strange things to people). There's still some hope they might keep going in one form or another, but right now rumour has it no one's talking to anyone...

Broken Smile As Centre Of The Universe Department: ...or maybe it just seems that way. You see, the band is no more but also brings with it tidings of



Lydia Lunch appears this month at Foufounes.
PHOTO: Michael Levine

Fugazi, Foufounes & Friends

Okay, belay all the rumours about the Montreal Fugazi show and why it was cancelled. Basically it all came down to Red Tape.

"The government just put in some new regulations about holding all-ages shows in bars," says Foufounes booker Dan Webster. "We had to contact the government in Quebec City, the regional alcohol bureau, the City of Montreal, the police department, and we didn't get the final okay until the day the show was supposed to be held, and then of course it was too late."

The club is planning on having Fugazi play probably in late November and permits shouldn't stand in the way this time. "We're having a Parabellum all-agers show this month," says Dan. "And once we've gone through all the paperwork once and set a precedent, it should smooth things out. I don't think we should have any problems."

Foufounes is also expanding its audience through being a part of this year's New Music Festival and has an unscheduled mini Women's Music Fest happening this month with the Lunachicks and Shlonk on the 19th, Lydia Lunch on the 20th, and Marianne Faithful with Azalia Snail on the 21st.

Meantime, the Foufou's changing the dance part of the club to give it a little more variety.

"Basically, we've had the same format for a long time and we've decided it was time for a change," says Dan. "For one thing we won't be playing any techno on Tuesdays, it'll be more rock 'n roll from REM to Pig Farm to the Red Hot Chili Peppers, but none of the stuff we play too much of."

'Also scheduled for after midnight are an Acid House-Techno dance night on Wednesdays and Dance Hall/Hip-Hop/World Music on Sundays. The bands still have to hit the road at midnight though...



The Drones are now Tribe.

PHOTO: Rula

the end of the Nils and SNFU.

"It's honest and true. Finito," says guitarist and band spokesman Brian. "We now give the name over to that fucking bar band... Good luck and good day."

Seems their bassist, Stephane, has joined up with Alex and Jean from the Nils to form a new band as-yet-to-be-named. The Nils' Carlos left for warmer

climes a couple of months back.

So, while the band was looking for a new bassist, they lost their drummer who's heading back to his home 'burg of Edmonton.

"Dave got an offer from the new-fangled SNFU," says Brian. "It's going to be Muc on guitars and vocals, Brent, Kurt and Dave. It'll be a whole new thang, a rock 'n roll thang." Chi's gone

and so is the name 'SNFU.'

"Dave's been in the band since he was 11, so I guess it was time for him to move onto something new," says Brian. "As for me, I've been talking to this guy from Ultraviolence who just moved up here from New York, and a couple of other folks about starting a band. I'm looking around for folks to form a band or to join an established band... But I will end up with the heaviest rock band in the universe."

Uh huh. 'Heaviest Dude in the etc' Brian can be contacted at 289-8749.

Enough Break-Up Stuff, Let's Talk New Beginnings Department: There's nothing like starting off a brand new career in front of 800 critical fans. That's what Hazy Azure did to their new singer Chris when they played the Rialto Theatre's anniversary bash.

"Chris was shaking... He knew most of the people who knew us had come to see him and how he fit in with the band," says drummer Ram. "But he did great. He jumped around a lot, and he actually sang."

Chris used to sing with the Cremins and had no trouble adapting to Hazy's sound. Iggy, their old singer, left over oft-cited 'musical differences.' Says Ram: "He didn't like the direction we had taken, but isn't that why most bands change members?"

Well, sure, I guess so... though conflicts in hairstyles have been known to adversely affect some groups...

And that 'New Direction' the band is taking? "It's kind of in the direction of *There At Last* (their track on the *On Garde* compilation)," says Ram. "We go heavy and fast and funky and slow, we get in some country riffs and some old rock 'n roll styles. There's lots of breaks and changes, it's just a lot more interesting."



BANNED INFO

Anything else? "We stopped making papier maché tortoises," he sez. "We're now into collecting beehives. Oh, and we're also into Science."

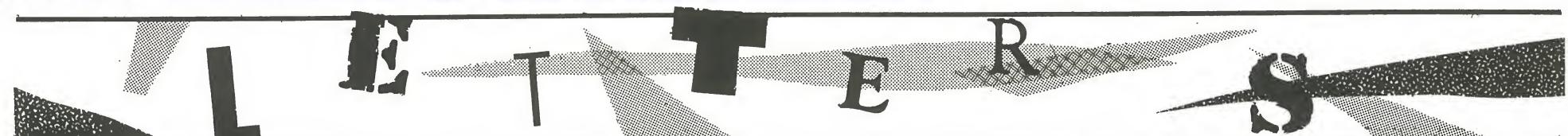
Don't Believe Everything You Read (And Almost Nothing You Read Here) Department: The Birth Defects would like to point out that their demo has only eight songs, and not 20 as reported in one of our reviews last issue.

"...We just don't want people to be disappointed when they find eight songs on it," says Pete. "It's still a great deal though, only five bucks in local stores. We're already out of our first run of 500."

The band just played Quebec City where a healthy underground scene has recently developed: "We played with two local bands, *Fanatical Views* and *Misconduct*, and they were both great," says Pete. "And we got a couple of demos from other bands too. Last time I was in Quebec there really wasn't much happening, now they seem to have all sorts of good new bands."

Well... someone send us a scene report willya?

Popper Poop Department: "We're starting pre-production on a studio project, probably a 12", says Eric. It'll probably be out for Christmas or February... January isn't a good month to



Better Late Than Obnoxious

To Whom It May Concern,

I am Indiana Jerk, archeologist extraordinaire. Since the last time I wrote you, I've went on to seek the different. I've ventured to find wisdom. I seek answers... reasons... information... consequences... Hell! Will somebody tell me why your 'zine can never be out on time. For Christ sakes, when it does come out (limited distribution), you're already two weeks old in the club listings section, your

Banned Info is no longer rumours, your interviews are no longer funny (but then again, they never were)... etc. Now, I've inquired about all these things (I'm friends with one of your contributors) and still no reasons can clearly be defined. Instead of having a shaven-head editor praise Joan Jett in his editorials, why doesn't he tell us who's to blame for the FUCKUPS so we can gather up a linching mob to hang 'em. Heck, think of the people in TO. They probably think My Dog Popper have never released an album. On the other hand, who gives a fuck about T.O.!!!

Your Friend,
Mr. Jerk (alias Mok)

(Why are we late so often? Because

it's absolutely impossible to get volunteers to do anything on time, and we got 50 of them to coordinate. Who should we sick a lynch mob on? Why, worthless whiners like yourself who don't do anything constructive, just sit at home picking their noses and picking faults with folks who are actually trying to do something worthwhile for the music scene. All in all it's unfortunate that all these people put in all this work just for assholes like yourself to read—ed.)

Faxx

Dear RearGarde,
Upon noticing that the metal group

Annihilator had entered one of your charts, I decided to send you this letter. I played drums in a band called Ligeia, which included John Bates (vocals) and Dave Scott (bass), both of whom worked with Jeff Waters (Annihilator's guitarist and leader) in Annihilator for two years. I'd like to set the record straight as to where some of the ideas on their album came from.

Dave Scott was responsible for many of the bass lines, and, as credited on the album, John Bates wrote most of the lyrics (altho some were altered and he didn't get credit for "Welcome to Your Death"). An example of Water's mentality is the fact that he wrote a song called "Ligeia" upon hearing that was the name of our band; Ligeia is a name

that I found. It is unfortunate that the concept of Ligeia (a story by Edgar Allan Poe) is being used by a band who seem not to understand or appreciate its symbolism. It is my opinion that Waters' use of Bates' lyrics (thus preventing him from using his own work) and "Ligeia" show his lack of creativity. It is unfortunate that some genuine creativity has been unfairly used by a musician whose only reason for playing seems to be self aggrandizement.

G.M.

Sens 'em letters to
RearGarde
P.O. Box 1421, Station H
Montreal, Quebec H3G 2N4

release stuff, or so I've been told."

Since everyone else seems to be breaking up, how come Popper hasn't broken up recently?

"Wait a second, we did break up," says Eric. "Maybe no one noticed, but we did break up... and you can tell anyone who wants to employ a semi-qualified chef that I'm available." Right.

And the future for the band? "We're all just getting old. We've given up touring just like the Beatles did in '64," says Eric. "We feel we can get more accomplished in the studio than we can working on props for the live shows."

Scrappy New Band Department: Remember the Darned? Well, don't. The band broke up a year back with vocalist Donna Lee going on to bigger and better things (like a Real Job) and the rest of the band has made a clean break from their old sound with the Scraps.

"We don't sound anything like the Darned," says guitarist Steve. "We wanted to start fresh. The Scraps is a little less country, a little more bluesy along with some rock 'n roll. We don't do any old Darned songs at all... though there are still a few cheesy country tunes in the set."

The band was formed last October and's been gigging since the Spring quite consistently, though without a heck of a lot of publicity. "With the old band we were always so concerned with plugging ourselves," says Steve. "But now I think we're just getting a bit lazy."

The band should get some publicity out of playing the upcoming New Music Fest as well as by winning Station 10's Battle of the Bands.

"It's pretty funny, really. We thought the only prize was a couple of hundred dollars worth of lighting and effects equipment. We thought we'd just end up blowing up smoke bombs at the Tycoon after we won," says Steve. "Then we



The Dik Van Dykes are no more.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

found that it included 25 hours of studio time, so we're really looking forward to going in and recording in November, probably to release as a cassette. The trouble with the Darned was that all our resources went into our album... Cassettes are a lot easier to put out, a lot less expensive, and just as popular."

Punk Rock Revival Rumour Department: The Punk re-revolution started (re-started?) in Montreal on Saturday, October 30. That night featured not only the Ripcordz record release party at Station 10, but also a rumoured show featuring some Punk Rock luminaries at a loft somewhere downtown.

"Yeah, Youth Brigade played. It was like Woodstock or something," says Eric of Popper, rumoured to have been in the audience. It evidently was the band's first show in about four years, them all

being in the neighbourhood for a wedding or something. Also putting on rockin' shows were the Asexuals and something called Punk-New Wave.

P-NW is rumoured to contain Blake Cheetah (Asexuals), Ace (Huge Groove), Steve (Popper) and Dan Webster (Foufounes). "They were great, really great," says Eric of P-NW's first rumoured show. "And I hear they can be had for parties. They play for beer, or women. Preferably women."

Of course, this band's actual existence is still rather tenuous. Says Dan: "There is no such band. I don't know what everyone was on that night."

Probably St. Ambroise beer.

Wake Up Gerard For Propaganda Department: New stuff on Og includes a planned mini-LP from the Vindicators in mid-November. Og's Gerard

More NMF Propaganda



Gwar.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

Hodads, Asexuals, Gwar, the Dickies, 39 Steps, Me Mom & Morgen-taller, Boot Sauce, Ripcordz, Change of Heart, Jerry Jerry, Soundgarden, Dr. Limbo, Rocktopus, Scraps.

And, what do all these folks have in common? Yes, you guessed it you sly devil, they're all in the upcoming Montreal New Music Festival along with a whole bunch of other bands from Montreal, North America and (as the press release says) "beyond".

"We've had four or five agencies outside of Montreal helping us to coordinate tours this year, so it's allowed us to expand the numbers of bands appearing in the festival," says organizer Duncan McTavish. "We've got bands from all over the world, including a couple of Australian acts: Tall Tales and True and Painters and Dockers. Australia has sent us some great bands in the past, and these bands must have something special going for them if their labels are willing to ship them up here."

But there's also more local bands, both established and on their way up, this year than in years past due to an expanded schedule. The Fest will happen from November 2 to 12 at Club Soda, Foufounes Electriques and Café Campus, for a total of more than 20 shows.

"Locally, we've got some of the bands that've been in the forefront for the past few years as well as continuing to support promising new bands," says McTavish. "We've also tried to keep a variety of shows. There are a lot of guitar/country-oriented bands out there, so some of them suffered as a result because we didn't want to slant the festival too much in any one direction. On the other hand, there aren't any new reggae bands out there. We've got one of the best in the country—Kali and Dub inc.—but there aren't any new ones coming up to challenge."

The schedule is up (and on an ad around here someplace) but a couple of big shows might still be added, so stay alert. Meantime, ticket prices range from \$6 to \$8 with packages of two nights for \$9.98 or three nights for \$13.50 available through Club Soda.

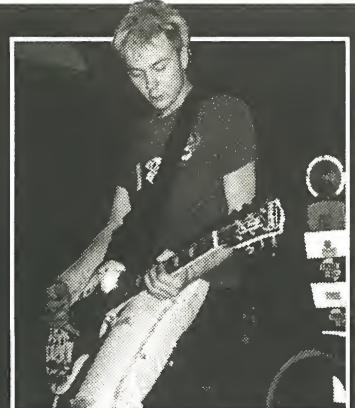
And, oh yeah, this indie music festival has an indie sponsor: "Hats off to St. Ambroise beer," says Duncan. "In the era of big business and big breweries they've managed to give us the support that we needed to get the festival rolling."

Cheers.

The Gods Of The Hammer

Problem Children..

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen



by The Mole

Hut Museum, apparently, are no longer with us (which explains why they haven't contacted me one way or the other) but there is no reason (save for self-extinction) why the rest of you can't make the effort to write/phone me at the store or at my radio program at Mac radio (Wednesday, 7:30-10:00 pm, 93.3 FM... plug, plug).

The Problem Children. Like many members of our happy musical community, various members of the Problem Children can sometimes be found downing pints at the Gown & Gavel. It was there I found Barney, soused as a louse, with a cold beer in one hand and a hot dame in the other. Between the exchange of pleasant insults then being bandied about the table (a tradition in the Hammer... visitors to the city should be aware of this and behave appropriately). I managed to find out that the Children have a new LP due out later this fall on AA records in Germany and an unspecified North American label.

The Underground. Remember my bitching about the \$20,000 debut LP in the last column? Well, presentation in the populist demi-monde (a world that the U-Ground are self-admitted members of) is nine-tenths of the law, and their efforts have been rewarded with a placing with the American College Talent Agency. They were one of the eight bands, out of a field of 250, chosen from Canada to tour the lucrative US college circuit.

The Platford Players. The area's premiere medieval duo (OK, the only medieval duo...) have released a follow-up to their first LP *Come In From The Rain* entitled *Maple Grove* (on cassette only... so far). Imagine a 15th century courtyard duo that periodically get possessed with alien spirits - eg: the spirit of Brother Jack MacDuff.

For your interest, "Hamilton's Best Band" the Hated Uncles have re-expanded to a trio format, adding the trumpet-wielding powers of that diminutive giant Paul Suttle. For those of you who question their stature as the "best" band (and there are, alas, non-believers), please consider that my critical criteria for holding that vaunted position is based on the correct assumption that the band that a) communicates the gnarliest and grooviest ideas, b) opens realms of possibilities not even conceived by prancing formalists everywhere, and c) studiously avoids the ennui of rote-performance repetition WINS ALL THE MARBLES. BUCKO.

Simply Saucer, the seminal 70's Cyberpunk outfit, are releasing an LP of '74-'75 archival material entitled *Cyborgs Revisited*. It is to be released on the prestigious Mole label. It's a limited edition... so hup hup 'n hurry.

Altogether Morris are planning a 4-song CD-cassette release this fall (thanks for the beer, Glenn). Tentative title: *Natural*.

Dave Rave and Gary "Pig" Gold (ex-Teenage Head and Beachnut respectively), are in NYC writing and rehearsing material for their epic 3 CD jewel box set tentatively titled *Documentation Gone Mad*. Sample song titles include *Drunk and Broke* (and *Watching Scottie Grow*) and *Gonna Send You Back to Scotland*. Babe. Interested labels include Homestead, Popplama, and Corwood Industries.

The Bikini Machine are proud to announce that the Chair of Percussion has been awarded to (drum roll, please...) Joe "Rockhead" Csontos (ex-Moon Cricket, Forgotten Rebel).

Jocelyn Lanois' band Crash Vegas signed onto MCA US recently and are recording in New Orleans. Dan Lanois has his LP *Arcadie* coming out shortly. Bob Lanois was responsible for re-mixing and mastering the Simply Saucer LP. Ron Lanois to record *Music to Cook By* LP for the prestigious Mole label.

Zena Hagerty (ex-Severe Twist) is proud as punch to present her new swinging outfit Sumblimatus Sublime. The band recently debuted at the Gown & Gavel on a double bill with the Hated Uncles. The band also wandered down the road to play Toronto's Slither Club.

Those guys with the toy drum kit, Sinister Dude Ranch, have overcome their various and sundry diseases to re-emerge as Hamilton's premiere (ie: only) cowplop group. Following their recent drunken fiasco at Guelph (with the illustrious Wet Spots) they are considering a record deal with the prestigious Mole label. Unfortunately, at press time, no comment was available from the A&R department at Mole.

Belated Release Announcements: debut Chessmen LP on ZAP Records.... *Cages* is one of the best songs never released on *Aftermath*. Also, the first release (cassette only) from Guitar Mikey & The Real Thing is a self-titled effort available at better local retail outlets around here.

Lastly, Crimson Jimson and any other band not mentioned here please get in touch with me. Thanks.

6



Ripcordz new LP is on the shelves.

PHOTO: Derek Lebrero

describes them as "...like the Gruesomes but more 60's-ish." Pretty scary.

Also on the way is a live *Deja Voodoo* LP called *Live at the Backstage Club in Helsinki Finland*, to be released in Canada, Germany and Finland... Voodoo are also heading out on their oft-delayed (okay, once-delayed) European tour this month, heading for Paris, Finland, Sweden, Germany, Yugoslavia, Switzerland and Belgium.

"The Paris show seems to be the one gig that everyone is clicking in on. I guess people here look at London and Paris as being the only places worth playing," says Gerard. "The one we're looking forward to is the Berlin show where we're part of a big festival called Berlin Independence Days. It's supposed to be really big. And we've got a couple of days off to act like tourists there. One thing is they've got a great zoo..."

Yeah, well, that's rock 'n roll.

The Voodoo guys just got back from a western Canada tour and a swing through southern Ontario. "In Windsor, a band called *Luxury Christ* opened for us, and they're fronted by one of the old members of the *Butthole Surfers* who somehow got dropped off there on their tour," says Gerard. "They have guitars, drums, bass and metal things hanging from a rack which people bang on. They also like to take off their clothes a lot and play slow punk dirges—both of which seem to be hugely popular."

Other new Oggy things: the *Bagg Team* and *Ripcordz* albums are out... the Gruesomes are out on tour with their new guitarist... the Voodoo Bar-B-Q dates have been set for December 8 and 9 in Toronto, and December 15 in Montreal...

New Kids On The Block Department: ...well, not exactly. Seems the new kids are the old kids... The Drones are no more, being replaced by *Tribe* (not "The Tribe"... "Tribe").

"Our old singer, Dan, is no longer with the band," says guitarist Mike. "We realized we wanted to get a little more serious, so now there's three members from the old band plus a new guitarist and singer, Steve, who used to be with the *Warden Kings*."

He notes that *Tribe* isn't a complete break with the band's past, but still is taking a definite direction away from

what they were doing. "We're still playing some of our old songs, but we've also written lots of new songs which are a little harder, a little more aggressive," says Mike. "It's the direction we've been moving in all along because those are the songs that're more fun to play on stage."

Their new sound can be checked out at the New Music Fest in November.

Tour Broke Up, Band Still Together Department: Bliss's planned Canadian/northern US tour for November is now Kaput (to coin a phrase). Sez Iain: "I thought the world was ending in the mid-western states in 50 days. Now I learn it's 50 years... Give us 50 years and we'll be out there."

Actually, it was just boring logistical stuff that cancelled the thing.

The band's also having problems setting up shows here in town: "Yeah, any rumours that we're playing in Montreal are just that... rumours," says Iain. "All our recent shows have been cancelled... the ones with U.I.C., the Doughboys, Fugazi, our Café Campus show..."

But success could be right around the corner for the band, thanks to modern technology: "Bootsauce asked us if they could sample parts of *Mr. Wormy* to use in a recording," says Iain. "That was before they got the Big Record Contract. But we'll piggyback on their success, no problem."

Other Bliss news? "Colin has blonde hair now. He looks kindof like the guy who fought Rocky in *Rocky IV*."

The Final Break-Up Story Department: French Punk heros *Bérurier Noir* are doing their farewell tour in Quebec this month. A great band, with great tunes and a hyperactive stage show, they're planning on packing in it this November in a big blow-out in Paris. So catch 'em while they're here!

Yo, yo. That's all folks. Like usual, Banned Info was compiled by Paul Gott and J.D. Head from the RearGarde wired services. If you got propaganda and stuff to impart, do let us know. Our address is RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, H3G 2N4. Or call us at (514) 483-5372 and leave a message if we ain't home.

Ta.

T.O. MUTTERINGS

Compiled by Rob Ben and Julius Sinkevicius

Nasty Little Rumors: Is it true?? Could it be true?? Did local lovely Erica Ehm, that MuchMusic veejay and hat designer second to none really have a forced vacation recently? Was her nose really broken while shopping for Dr. Martens? Are scooter helmets belonging to high school mod-ettes the weapon of choice in downtown catfights?? No, no, no, it just couldn't be true.

(By the way, anyone in T.O. interested in knowing Erica's real last name? No one in MTL seems to care. But we'll print it complete with a college photo of Erica if anyone really gives a damn—ed.)

Spreading Fast: *Epidemic Records* seem to have taken on a breakneck pace for new releases. *Deep End* will soon have an eight song thing on the fledgling but nonetheless first rate label. This will be *Epidemic*'s third to date, with many more on the drawing board. Keep 'em coming.

Later Dudes: Are those showmen extraordinaire *Sweet Little Ramona* really planning to move to sunny California? Word has it they won't be doing Ramones covers anymore, which is a shame cos they do it so well. Yet another example of successful homeboys moving onto greener pastures. Hogtown just ain't green enough we guess.

Free Is Good: That longtime underground mecca (literally) the Slither Club has played host to many good times and even more good bands. But, just as all good things must come to an end, so does the Slither. Wait. It's not over yet. Seems that the former manager left to

Capital Punishment



Medusa's Raft.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

By John Sekerka

Hurri Hugo's blowin' in a mighty chill and as every winter, most of Ottawa migrates where mittens aren't a necessity. Most of Medusa's Raft has taken off for B.C., while the heart of the band (vocalist Pat) is sticking it out right here. The Hanging Party are off to greener pastures in the U.K.: they should fit right into the Liverpoolian scene that has seen the crash of Echo and the Teardrop. While Colin's kicking white sand around Australian beaches, and their drummer on probation, the Trapt are making do with a new line-up that includes Steve Duran on guitar and Gord (formerly of Honest Injun) beatin' the skins.

As this is being mulled over by the copy editors, Harsh Reality is gigging for the last time on the Fugazi bill. One off shoot is Improv Youth, the rest is uncertain.

You've read about Go Figure last month, so here's some overkill. This here's a very uptight three piece that covers the Huskers and Dinosaur Jr., and mixes in some throbbing originals. Just what I ordered. Then I find out that this is another limbo band with members dispersed in various schools, etc. They promise to do holiday gigs, but chances are it won't kick in until next summer. Ah summer.

Oh, yeah. There's been a bit of recording going around. The Boys Next Door have returned from France where they flaunted their new six cut 12 incher and now we get to groove on the *Vault*. If you know the cassette intimately then you know what's here, otherwise pick it up. Before I go on I'd like to share a dream. What if head Boy Dave Draves got together with ex Teenage Head Dave Rave? Never mind, this can be edited, right?

Neanderthal Sponge has a new single out and I'll wait until I get to hear it before passing judgement. You can pass judgement on October 20th at the Sandy Hill Community Centre (home of many a successful flea market) along with Final Solution on the MDC skateathon.

Andrea and the Fun Guys (so we all can't come up with cool names) have a promo tape out. It's a live recording of their r'n'b shizz. Pretty good, if you like that sort of thang.

The Scarlett Drops have been playing the town a hell of a lot: that usually means a cassette is on the way.

Also evident on the live scene are the Desmonds no doubt riding their insta fame courtesy of the new *Og* compilation.

You missed it. CFUO co founder Lyle Burwell brought his one man show to the Great Canadian Theatre Company for a spell. Pretty good reaction have rumours of the show spreadin' across the land. So don't miss it again.

So I was kinda steamed at the Sharechez extravaganza last time, so steamed that I forgot to mention a couple of other bands that were alright. The Speakers were actually quite intriguing. I just wasn't up to a multi organ outfit. Sombrero Fallout kicked up some pretty good country dust, but this is just a makeshift amalgamation of local bands that might have seen it's only show that uneventful evening.

The newest music trend among the hipper clubs in town is weekend afternoon specialty shows. You all know about Lucky Ron's regular hot dog hoedown at the Downstairs Club on Saturday afternoons, well now there's direct competition for that post shopping beer dollar. ZB's (full name in last issue) now features the Dollarbillies in the same time slot, a haphazard collection of local buskers from various rockin' bands. Big Dave Balfour and his soothing guitar licks eases the hangovers on Sundays. It's also Dog Day Afternoon, which means you can bring in your favorite pooch, jez remember to use the fire hydrant outside.

If you like your guitar licks more bluesy, then check out Drew Nelson's jams on Sunday afternoons at the Rainbow Bistro.

Haven't mentioned Barrymore's for a while, so here: Barrymore's. Actually the place is still thriving and now they feature rock'n'roll movies on Monday nights and local talent on Tuesdays (no cover to boot).

What, I'm outta time again? Dang.

resume teaching and passed on duties to what is sure to become known as Toronto's "dynamic duo". The boys of which we speak are none other than William New of *Groovy Religion* (he's no stranger here; he used to book Elvis Mondays) and Shawn McDonald of Shawn McDonald Presents. The spot is now called Soup. They say it'll pretty much stay the same except there's never

a cover. Oh yeah, and free soup (allegedly homemade and good even) every Monday. Can't go wrong. Good luck.

They'll try anything twice: T.O.'s used record store Vortex suffered some misfortune recently. One night some undoubtably grubby deviant types broke into the store via where else but the front door and proceeded to strip the back wall of, to some, precious *Misfits* and

other has-beens' singles. They say bad things come in threes, so on the following night they made it two (those rogues) and scooped a heap-o-compact discs. No news yet on attempt number three, or who the culprits are, but one question remains... where did Derek, longtime Vortex employee and Fumblekin frontman get his funky new wardrobe? Clothes like that don't grow on trees, but The Story goes that Derek's mother bought him all those new clothes. Now, isn't that nice?

Dig It: Local muralist/painter Fiona Smyth who is responsible for the glorious look of Sneaky Dee's, xox, Trash Compactor, and a lot of other stuff has designed a piece for use on *The Pure's* flyers. Nice, very nice, but everyone knows our Fiona doesn't come cheap. *The Pure* perhaps see it as an investment. Sure, that's it.

After Hours: Seems that Toronto doesn't want to go to bed at one AM anymore. Late night speak easies, huge parties, and other after hours activity is sweeping Hogtown. One more can be added to the list. They call it Kingdom Koas and they spell it just like that. One night I caught **One Free Fall** doing their thing, and doing it very well I might add. One highlight had to be **4 1/2 Retroactive Reasons For Abortion** with none other than Crazy Steve Johnson of **Bunchofuckinggoofs** fame on bass. Someone told me the whole band played the E string for the whole set, but the beer was cheap and I had a good time anyway.

Coming to Your Town Soon: What's this?? Co-operation among Toronto bands? Strange. Apparently Shawn McDonald has something in the works. It'll be called the Ontario Road Show or something like that, and nobody, nowhere will be safe.

The plan is to cover Ontario, parts of Quebec and even the eastern U.S. sort of. Still, an amazing feat for T.O. The trio will consist of *Fringe* artists **Guilt Parade**, **Fumblekin**, and the fresh **Phleg Camp**.

And It Doesn't Hurt Your Eyes: Were certain members of locals **Succsexx** really seen outside the House of Masters? And, we don't mean Drew of **M.E.A.T.** either. Hair is a terrible thing to waste.

What A Smile: Chicago's, a Queen Street bar hardly known for showcasing new and alternative music, saw an unlikely bunch bring down the house two nights not too long ago. Under the name **Urban Johnnie** were none other than John and Dave Barbisan ex of **Hype**, those mid-eighties thrashers. Joining them was brother Paul and an extremely beautiful lady on vocals who had more teeth than you could shake a stick at. Yes, they brought the house down, all the Yups were grooving, standing room only, to the band's bluesy manuevres. Dave was biting his lip the whole set trying to hold back on the drums. Punk's not dead...it's just playing blues with a smirk on its face.

Gone fishin': Is William New really tripping down to Guatemala for three months? Is this a vacation for Bill or are former employers *NOW* magazine sending him down for a Sandinista fiesta? Let's hope Bill doesn't come back with Birkenstock sandals and a beard.

Killer Quote of the Month: "That girl's better on bass than she is in bed...and she ain't that good on bass."

SCENE STIR

Geez, some people are so touchy! Hasn't anybody got a sense of humour any more? We're talking about the god-damned entertainment business here and nobody's even smiling. So... I'm sorry Mister David Craig for spreading idle gossip.

Gosh I sound like David Letterman. Onwards...

This town needs an enema!

I'm walkin' around checkin' out the scene. I notice people keep smiling at me. I think, "Do I look funny?" Then I notice people are saying "hello" to me, and "nice day, isn't it?" People I don't know. On the street. Now if I were here in cold, unfriendly Toronto, I'd think, "Goddamn wierdos!..." If I were in New York, I'd think, "Hot damn! Genuine wierdos!" But I'm in Lotusland—Vancouver—and I remember that out here people are, well, nice. Friendly. I think this is where "have-a-nice-day" might have originated.

This town is so nice that it's just not happening. Yeah. Yeah, maybe Vancouver has Bob Rock and Little Mountain Studios, **Aerosmith** and **Motley Crue** have recorded here, Bruce Fairbairn will be producing **Poison** in October, but rock & roll ain't happenin' down on the streets where it counts.

Clubs generally don't have a lot of rock & roll—oh except for The Roxy whose house band **Dawn Patrol** plays "classic rock". Maybe Moe Berg (**The Pursuit of Happiness**) likes the Archies but I don't. Met this guy named Bruce who is Johnny Depp's stand-in on "21 Jump Street", and he said "If you're looking to report on the West Coast music scene, go to L.A."



Sweet Little Ramona.

PHOTO: Rob Ben

The world-famous Luv-a-Fair plays house music. Graceland plays house music. Graceland has the distinction of being the club **Prince** hung out in when he was in town. Philip Paris, art curator, is convinced that "Prince" was never actually there—a mannequin took his place. Y'know, no-one actually saw him come and go..."

(While we're "dishing", Graceland has a night called "Bad Boys Nite Out". Apparently **Bryan Adams** likes to hand out there with his "buddies"...) Okay, by now anyone who knows Vancouver is sayin': "So hey bitch, why

don't you go to The Metro or Club Soda?" Well I did. One night I went to The Metro wearing tights, T-shirt, and jean jacket. And the bouncer tells me to check my coat. "What coat?" I say. "This is my 'outfit'." So, I don't get in. And they call this rock & roll? Well fuck you.

"Metal Monday" at Club Soda. Okay. This is the club Motley Crue hung out in when in town. The club is filled with Surrey-ites. (West Coast for Scarberians.) A band plays... "From Los Angeles California, independent recording artists: Nitro!" More like this is Spinal Tap...



Fumblekin.

PHOTO: Adam Kates

Six guys huddle around the singer's feet and head-bang... The lead guitarist does a 10-minute masturbation session with his guitar which gives the singer time to fix his hair... Then the drummer puts in his 10 minutes... Then it's the bass player's turn... The only people getting off on this public display of solo diddling are the band and those six male headbangers... Boy these guys sure know how to clear a joint...

There is one really good thing to come out of Vancouver and that of course is D.O.A. who are gigging around town as **Drunks On Acoustic**. Did you know that lead singer Joey Keighley—better known as Joey Shithead—is a father? Gosh, it seems just like yesterday he was organizing pissing contests at parties. Joey has been performing in a play, "The World of Beauty", in Vancouver's Fringe Festival. Joey also has a feature film under his belt: *Terminal City Ricochet*, to be released in October. Joey plays a trigger-happy cop in the story of political corruption, and Jello Biafra (**Dead Kennedys**) plays the head of the secret police.

Okay, now I'm back in Toronto.

Who the hell would wanna be Miss M.E.A.T.?

Steve G. is facing a possible jail sentence for alleged assault on a police officer.

Heard about **Blackgama**... **Backgama**... **Blacklama**'s new record. Wasn't given a copy even though my name is in the list of thank-you's... Shit and I've even made breakfast for this Kevin Carlisle dude!... (Christ, I'm beginning to sound like Angie "Miss World" Baldaserre of Metropolis in her *Shades* magazine days...) Well gee what did I expect from a guy who calls his girlfriend a "career move". So I had to steal Avery's copy from the Big Bop.

Avery very nicely put the record into a plastic record sleeve. When I got it home, I found out why. The record jacket is two pieces of 12 inch square cardboard stuck together with two 1/2 inch pieces of Scotch tape. And when I took the jacket out of the plastic sleeve, the record fell out, landed on the floor, and broke. Looks like all I'm gonna be able to review is the jacket. Hm... looks like a lotta asslickin' goin' on here. Knees Needing Kneepads Dept: No Kev—not you! Anyways Mister K.C.—if ya want an interview, call me. I double dare ya.

Steve Leckie (**Viletones**, **Sex Tattoo**), has written two books, one of which is about to be published. This first one is "the novel"... if you're an intimate of Steve's, look for yourself under an assumed name and hope you didn't piss Steve off too much. The second book is about life on the road in a punk band. If you're an intimate of Steve's, look for yourself under your real name and hope you didn't piss Steve off too much. This book publishing biz has put the idea of reforming the **Viletones** on hold, a line-up that would have included Paul Bishop (**The Remains**) on guitar, but not Cliche Azidparti on bass.

April Storm have lost their drummer.

National Velvet played to a full house at the El Mocambo. My personal hi-lite? When the singer Maria Del Ray (or whatever the heck her name is) told us, "Eat my Fuck!" She said us Torontonians would know what she meant. Yeah.

EAT MY FUCK!

By D. Jackson

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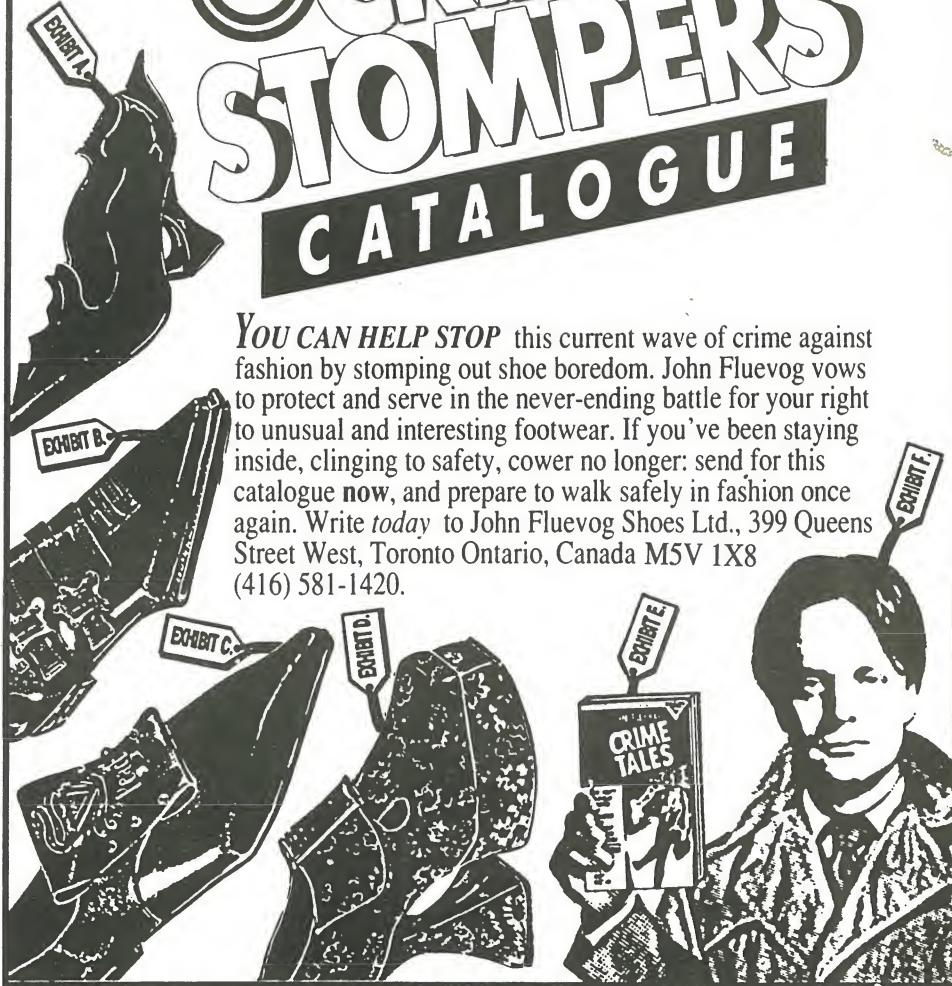
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U.K. SUBS

U.K. Subs, Yeah folks, right here in ol' MTL. I managed to corner lead guy Charlie Harper just before he hit the stage at our fav dark hangout type bar.

RearGarde: So, I hear you're moving to Wisconsin.

Charlie: Yeah, I've almost already moved.

RearGarde: Who's in the band right now?

Charlie: Phil on bass, he's been with us for a few years, Matthew's our new drummer—Steve packed up halfway through the tour last year, too drunk to drum, and Darrel Barf, he's not such a new guitarist because he was in the band four years ago.

RearGarde: When did you form the U.K. Subs and what did you do before that?

Charlie: The Subs formed in November '76, and before that I was in a band called The Marauders, sort of a R&B type of band, like Eddy and the Hot Rods or Dr. Feelgood, but a little bit faster.

RearGarde: How long did that last?

Charlie: A couple of years, then The Marauders kinda merged into the U.K. Subs. We had split and I took the band down to the Roxy to see The Damned and then they wanted to play punk rock, so when we reformed it was the U.K. Subs.

RearGarde: Do you see any new groups on the scene?

Charlie: Yeah, 'cause we're working every day we get to see every fucker, nothing escapes us, and there's loads of good new groups.

RearGarde: How well is all this paying?

Charlie: Well, we really don't make a lot of money off records.

RearGarde: Are you having boot-

leg problems?

Charlie: We don't really find it a problem. Our records might sell better if there were no bootlegs, but we don't take a lot of notice. We've had bootleggers in our band so we can't turn around and say no bootlegging. The freaks do what they want, it's only money they're ripping off.

At this point, one the unnamed multitudes in the room (O.K., it was Ian from Ripcordz) piped in that this was a Grateful Dead type attitude.

Charlie: Is it really? Well it's all free advertising.

RearGarde: And if they want a quality product they'll buy the real thing.

Charlie: Yeah, well I've heard some official recordings that were crap.

RearGarde: On your last time around you were supporting Japan Today, have you got anything new?

Charlie: Killing Time, it was released a couple of months ago.

RearGarde: I went down to the record store to look for it and they were all sold out.

ness is in a healthy supply in the dressing room as a "wild woman from mars" is practicing her franglais.

Charlie: That's Abar, our pet stripper.

RearGarde: Do you use her in your stage show?

Charlie: Not yet, but I think she wants to get up tonight. She's already gotten up with UltraMan (the support act for the tour) for one

show.

RearGarde: Okay... what kind of changes have you noticed in the music scene in the past ten years?

Charlie: We see all the fads, and you know punk is the most fashion conscious bunch of wankers you could imagine, they go through all kinds of fashion shit. It's funny there are these fads, you know, we play pretty fast and some places we've been we don't play fast enough. I mean, you can slam to our music, but it's kind of our own fault, we kinda invented that fast punk beat back in the old days. We wanted to be the fastest band in the world and I think every band goes through that stage, wanting to be the fastest, it's all part of growing up.

RearGarde: So, what kind of set

are you playing on this tour?
Charlie: We're starting off with our new stuff, not to get it out of the way 'cause it's going down real good, but we play a lot of the older songs too.

RearGarde: You're 45 now, what makes you keep doing what you're doing?

Charlie: The thing is I can only go to punk rock shows and feel at home. If I go to say, a Rolling Stones concert, although they're exactly the same age, I feel too young to be there. But a Grateful Dead concert, there's a lot of young people who go to see them, I feel more at home. It's like all these bands, when they start out, that's always the best time. They go through a couple of albums and maybe they get stale and maybe we did, I don't know. I just like the club scene, I really don't like a lot of the concerts, the clubs are where it's at.

RearGarde: So what do you think of the Electric Buttocks?

Charlie: It's a neat place, a really neat place, there's not many places

like this in London I can tell you. It's really good.

RearGarde: Do you have any trouble with violence at your shows?

Charlie: Not usually, but in Washington the owner of a club stopped the show after only a couple of songs, and then there was a riot.

RearGarde: Are you planning any recording with your new lineup?

Charlie: Yeah, this gang could make a right brilliant album, but I don't see any gaps in our schedule until the middle of next year, so we'll just be working the songs on stage. We have got a live video coming out here and in England, as well as a live tape someone is putting out in Europe, so there's all kinds of shit coming out but it'll be another year before our next album.

RearGarde: What kind of traveling have you done and have yet to do on this trip?

Charlie: We started out in California, went across the southern states, then up the eastern coast in about a month, and we've got another month to go.

RearGarde: What kind of coverage of Canaduh are you doing?

Charlie: Not too much this time, but there's someone already planning a month long tour for the spring of next year.

RearGarde: Silly question time; what's your favorite form of capital punishment?

Charlie: Whipping.

RearGarde: To the death?! O.K., if you had to be a flavor of ice cream what would you be?

Charlie: Shit flavored, I'd live longer.

Interview conducted by Kelly.

10



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PERSONALS

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PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

The Laughing Hyenas are hot—and they know it. The Ann Arbor foursome rolled into town a few months ago (May) on the heels of a brand new album, *You Can't Pray a Lie*, and put on one hell of a show at Foufounes. The Hyenas—John Brannon (vocals, trumpet), Larissa Strickland (guitar), Jim Kimball (drums), and Kevin Strickland (bass), have had little problem pleasing fan or critic since the release of their debut mini-album *Merry Go Round*. Musically one can find traces of Birthday Party, Butthole Surfers, and even the Stooges (inevitable), but don't dispute cause the Laughing Hyenas are strictly in a league of their own. The band's successful hybrid of hard-rock/psychedelic blues fusion has dealt them a good hand, and live, well live, they are awesome—an incredible fury of untamed sound. I had the opportunity of speaking with vocalist John Brannon after their show...

RearGarde: Is this tour strictly in support of *You Can't Pray A Lie*?

John: Basically. We've got a four week tour going on now which is doing fairly well. We're playing some Canadian dates—Toronto and tonight in Montreal, the rest in the U.S. Though we're gonna go to Europe to open some shows for *Killdozer*—that will probably last for three weeks. Then we'll most likely stay over there another month and tour by ourselves.

RearGarde: Both you and Larissa have played in bands that, at one point in time, had a large impact on the music scene in Detroit. When you started the Laughing Hyenas, did you have any preconceived notions as to what you wanted to do differently?

John: Oh yeah. It was definitely going to be different. I think what we're doing now is pretty removed from what



We know what we want to accomplish—it's just a matter of doing it. The problem is we've been touring non-stop and haven't been able to write any new material. After this tour we're gonna go back and start writing songs for a new album because Touch and Go wants us to put out a record as soon as possible.

RearGarde: Who collaborates musically/lyrically in the Laughing Hyenas?

John: Larissa and I write the lyrics and the music just comes from the band. Everybody is pretty much responsible for their own part. It's not like we go to practice and present a "song" or go "now we all have to hit E flat on this change."

RearGarde: So it's very spontaneous? **John:** Yeah. Definitely. We work with a kind of layered effect. Someone will come up with one part—maybe a bass line, and we build on that with drums or vocals or guitar, but not necessarily in that order.

RearGarde: Your music is very dark and intense at times. Is that a conscious thing?

John: I don't give much thought to it, y'know? It's just in us and It's got to come out. We try to write songs that mean something—emotion. When we play it's like a release and even though I might be singing depressing lyrics, I feel better afterwards. We put 100 percent into what we do because we don't want to be half-assed about anything.

RearGarde: Are you happy with the quality of your records?

John: They'll get better as we progress. I don't think we've captured our live sound yet.

RearGarde: You're a very dynamic live band.

John: We really want to project onto vinyl what we do live. We want to capture that rawness. Playing live is really what we're all about.

RearGarde: What's been your reaction to all the favorable press the band's been receiving?

John: We think it's great and we're kind of surprised at the same time.

RearGarde: It's been very consistent in both North America and in Europe.

John: Yeah. I think a lot more people have picked up on the band since the release of the new record, because it's probably a bit more accessible—but to be honest, we try not to pay much attention to the press. If we like what we're doing then that's fine for us. We're not trying to play a particular style to fit in with what's happening today. In fact I don't think we really fit in at all.

RearGarde: Can we talk a bit about the Sonic Youth project?

John: Well, we did a North American tour with them earlier this year. We became pretty good friends. They've given us a lot of support and advice, really helped us out. I mean, just being able to play with Sonic Youth on a tour allowed us to play in front of huge



Negative Approach was trying to achieve. That was more structured chord songs, whereas the Laughing Hyenas are much more free form.

RearGarde: Larissa is primarily known as a vocalist. Is she content handling the guitar chores now?

John: Actually, she's very happy playing guitar and it's cool that she was a singer before because her style of playing really accents the vocals.

RearGarde: Are you pretty focussed as a band? Do you share the same philosophy?

John: We agree on a lot of stuff musically and we've all got similar tastes.



Laughing Hyenas

audiences. It was good exposure and it hipped us to a lot of people.

RearGarde: So you'll be working on some material together?

John: They want to cover one of our songs and Larissa and I have talked to Kim and Thurston about doing some recording. Nothing is planned yet, but we definitely want to get together and jam. Plus, it's funny, Thurston is doing a gig in New York in a few weeks and he's gonna be covering a couple of Negative Approach songs.

RearGarde: So they were hip to you guys way back when?

John: Oh yeah, they're big fans of Negative Approach and L-7. I remember them coming to our shows. We'd be playing CBGB's and they'd be there—Thurston's a big hardcore fan.

RearGarde: Are you going to continue to base yourselves in Ann Arbor?

John: For a while, I suppose. We travel around a bit so it's not like we get sick of where we're living. It's a good place to base ourselves because we have a house and we can practice there. Generally though, we keep a low profile.

RearGarde: You're not very involved with the 'scene' in Detroit anymore?

John: No. There is no scene in Detroit right now, which is sad because a few years ago it was pretty vital.

RearGarde: It seemed like there was a period in time when things became very stagnant. Bands were breaking up, there were no places to play, shows were plagued by violence. What went wrong?

John: I think the worst thing that happened was that there were no venues to play. No places for new bands to develop. We don't play that much in Detroit anyway. All the club owners are fucking coke whores and they're really dishonest. We just don't want to work with people who are going to rip us off. Plus—and I'm sure a lot of bands can relate to this—in your hometown they never treat you with any respect.

RearGarde: Are you content with your relationship with *Touch and Go*?

John: Definitely! They're really honest. We don't even have a contract. It's the same deal with the *Butthole Surfers*. They're behind us one hundred percent and they've got excellent distribution on all the records, which is very important.

RearGarde: The thing I like about *Touch and Go* is that they stick to their guns musically. They don't compromise their integrity which is admirable considering how corrupt the record industry is these days.

John: Yeah, *Touch and Go*'s got a really good track record because they only put out bands that they like personally. So there's no money game involved. I don't want to name any names, but... there have been some big offers by some big bands and...

RearGarde: C'mon, spill the dirt!

John: No way (laughs)...

Interview conducted by Sue St. Denis

19 • From San Francisco MDC
 20 • From NYC, The Lunachicks
 with guests the Didjits
 21 • Lydia Lunch
 24 • Sub Pop Recording Artists
 Mudhoney and The Fluid
 25 • Touch n Go Roadshow with
 The Jesus Lizard, Flour and Brick
 Layer Cake
 31 • The Verlaines, The Afgan
 Wigs and The Obituaries

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CHEETAH MAN OR MUSHROOM?

What we wanted was a tour story from the Asexuals' shaggy but friendly bass player. What we actually got follows...

by Blake Cheetah

Day 1

Luckily we didn't have too many problems getting into the good old Cheese Whiz U.S.A. The McBorder goof, in his clip-on tie and mirror shades, looked quite pleased when I told him my occupation was Rodeo Clown.

We made a brief stop in this tourist dude ranch called "Frontier Town", which is sorta like John Wayne's wettest dream, although we didn't go on the stagecoach tour. Instead, penniless paupers and horse thieves that we are, we played a little pinball, and taxidermy being T.J. Plenty's second love, we checked out this stuffed dog in a glass case—Fritz the Alaskan Husky. I joketh not.

Luckily we left just as they were lynching and stringing-up some poor immigrants from a lampost. Guitarist and guy and a half Sean Friesen was heard to exclaim, "God, can you believe the xenophobia goin' on around here man. It's ultra-bogus."

Day 2

A funny thing about the States that I should warn minor league bands about, is that the clubs down there only pay in McDonald's coupons, cool enough if you want a Caligula feast of boxed filet-o-flounder and McLiver and Onions, but on tour you end up eating enough junk food to kill a goat as it is.

Day 3

One member of the band who looks like Peter Frampton after a three day drunk and who I shall hereafter refer to as Cornelius Greenbeck, in order that he may not be cut off from family inheritances and ping-pong tourney invites with the relations, was incarcerated for booze-happy driving. The arrest report told the whole story: "Suspect

was asked to touch his nose with the index finger of his right hand. He failed to do so. Suspect was asked to recite alphabet. He said, 'A, B, C...4, Z.' Suspect was asked if he was driving vehicle. 'Maybe, I forget... I guess so.' Although contrary to popular opinion, some jokes are a lot funnier when you're not acutally there.

Day 4

7 p.m. Pulled into the subterranean mecca of CBGB's, on the Lower East Side of New York. The nightcrawlers and lunatics were already out, and all the streets around there have medieval dungeon lighting.

We played with three wretched speed-metal bands who were like a cross between going to the dentist, finding love in a men's prison, and Eddy Van Halen choking on his own puke. The other three-piece band evidently thought that *Hotel California* was more than a really good album, but the banner of a generation facing up to its future as Shirley McLaine disciples and ardent snorkelling enthusiasts. The bigger cities, in general, aren't so good to play because everybody's acting so cool that it's enough to give you a case of frostbite and the chills even in the boilerroom of August. Briefly: we played seven tunes, blew goats, made fifty-two bucks.

Day 5

Under a threatening plague of boredom, some band members—and I'm pleading the Fifth Amendment on this one—smoked some crack, played with a live boa constrictor, got the coke fever and started yapping like rabid cocker-spaniels over who was funnier—the Skipper or Gilligan?

Day 6

Hoboken, New Jersey, an audience of twenty terrestrials. Needless to say we could have all set our hair on fire and nobody would've raised a stir stick.

Day 7

Three hour traffic jam going into New York City. Feeling that this move is akin to Napoleon going back to Waterloo, I take a strategic military approach to the situation. We're broke, despondent. The Friend of the Proletariat is feeling artistically stifled. Cornelius has gangrene, trench mouth and

scurvy, while T.J. practices frisbee in the van and I ponder my wasted career as a Dental Hygienist.

Day 8

New York. Me and my Palestinian-Pennsylvania cowgirl queen went to visit this S and M club called the Vault. It was located in a kind of basement batcave that had different stages for audience participation and various forms of bondage and flagellation by the house dominatrix. The crowd consisted of mostly men, a lot of touring voyeurs like yours dumbly, transvestites, a naked grandfatherly type who carried around his own paddle and asked different women to spank him, barely clad women who's geography—yes I confess dear friends—fogged up my glasses, and a few naked men who watched the demonstrations and films while shining up Uncle Wiggly, or, to quote my pal Joey, were touching themselves where it feels funny.

In different subterranean chambers with couches and medieval lighting, instructional videos on erotic piercing and 101 Things To Do With A Strap-on Dildo, were being shown. A highlight for me was finally meeting *Danny the Wonder Pony*. He walked around in a g-string with a saddle on his back, reins and stirrups, inviting women to ride him. He was telling me and Vicki that he'd been getting fairly famous around New York lately, doing a lot of press and branching out into Sweet Sixteen parties.

The other night on Dave Letterman, on the Stupid Pet Tricks segment, I watched this young guy come out, lay down, get Dave to pour several glasses of orange juice into his mouth, none of which he swallowed, and then his dog lapped up the juice from his mouth. Between that, us on tour, *Danny the Wonder Pony*, the Bearded Lady, Lee Majors, Saint Heraldo, and various other circus freaks and musician-sorts, I would just like to dissuade you from entering the entertainment business because, as you can see, there's already enough of us raging buffoons as it is.

Epilogue

The Asexuals on tour: They came, they saw, they floundered, they left.

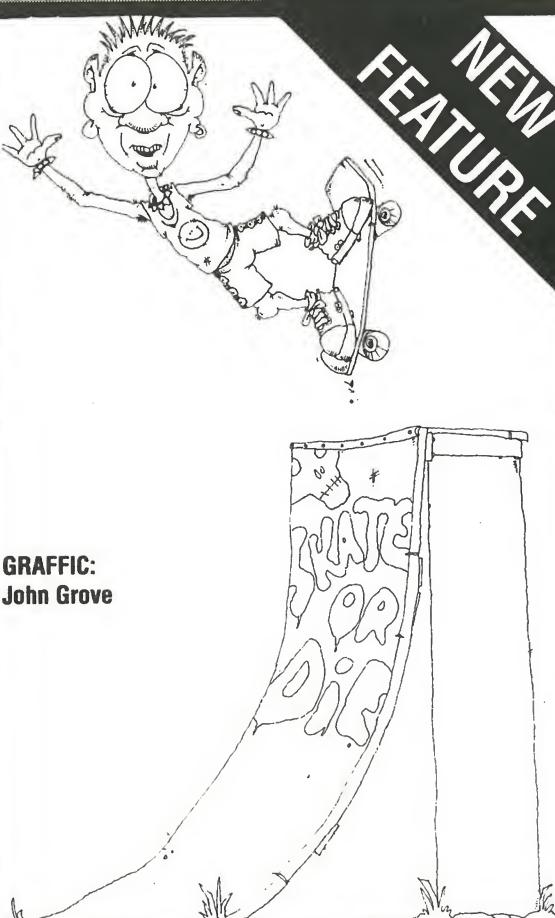
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Band of Susans. Chris n Cosey
Apocalypse Club
September 16

Band of Susans are now a band of Susan—Susan Stenger on Bass plus original cohorts guitarist Robert Poss and drummer Ron Spitzer. The newest members include Karen and Mark, both on guitar, who joined for their latest and second album *Love Agenda*.

The powerful set of twelve songs divided 10 to 2 in favor of the *Love Agenda* LP, the others from the *Hope Against Hope* album. After a brief word about their T-Shirts being confiscated at the border they launched, in their signature wall of feedback, into *Sin Embargo* then *Pursuit of Happiness* and *Tourniquet*. Susan only stopping to ask if the bass was too loud, the crowd replying "too much Vocal". Robert snidely commenting "sounds good to me".

The band continued to pick up steam through the adamant *Sometimes* and the esoteric *Child of the Moon. Which Dream Came True* and the awesome *Hard Light* replete with bass solo. Always the emphasis was on the guitar, the incessant beat of the drum and the repetitive and minimal structure of the songs making it all very hypnotic. Vocals became a featherly layer over top of the excessive statum of guitars.

Where Band of Susans were a full frontal assault, Chris and Cosey wormed their way into the subconsciousness through trance and dance beat elements. The music in accompaniment to the slide and video was lulling. Scenes from *Bladedrunner*, the *Flinstones*, Eraserhead and vaguely disturbing images of flesh and sex smattered across the stage. Chris remained stationary behind his suitcase of keyboards and effects whilst Cosey sang from behind her electronic drum pad, danced and blew exactly two notes on a trumpet.

Bruce Lam

Chris n Cosey PHOTO: Aaron Henderson

that's not David Byrne's younger brother playing lead guitar.

Dave McIntyre,
the Un-Blake Cheetah
Reviewer

Ripcordz, Ultraman, UK Subs
Foufounes
September 16

Relaxed atmosphere, it was the night UK



such as *Daily News* and *Elvis Death Cult*. That good old peanut butter raunch—nothin' better to open up a show with. So ends the opening ritual (unfortunately).

A moment of silence for Lost Generation, as it was learedthey suffered an accident riding up here to quench our thirst of their tunes. It cost them an incarcerated foot. The rest of the lads were lucky to have a mattress fall on them before the rest of the equipment did. I tip my hat to them and hope all will be well in the future.

The emergency band Ultraman were up and the crowd was picking up. Those crazy bouncers doing there best to start the pit thrashing. These boys from St. Louis gave fine speed metal appeal and a slight punk rock raunch. All was going well until this girl went up and showed us her bare essentials. I can say as witness was she wasn't welcome, especially after the shower of spit. The attitude after that was (and I quote) "Pure image of stupid Capitalistic Bullshit," end of quote. One person went out to make her point clear by attempting to grab the mike. She almost made it but that big and hairy singer was just too big and hairy.

The place is now packed. I couldn't stay sitting any longer. The UK Subs were up and I sifted to the raging pit. I was in there and you gotta try the pogo to a wave of thrashers. The pit, my friends, was intense, all I saw was bodies 'n legs 'n stuff.

The Subs were doing an instantaneous punk rock show to the tee. A few lucky persons managed to do dives without the bouncers taking note. The crowd was showered with water from the authority thus turning the pit into an icerink. And I tried to skate in the mass of slamdancing thrash-crazed corpses. (You just can't skate with Docs.) The people were roaring for more, spikes and baldies chanting for the Subs. A three time encore! Apparently the stripper was on again, I don't know cause Jolly John himself was carrying me to the sidelines. (Agggggghhhh it's my bloody leg!).

So ends the show. I give a credit note to some of the bouncers that were helping some of the kids up after being crushed. The turn-

out was great... too bad it's not like this a smaller shows.

Domenic Castelli

Love and Rockets and The Pixies

La Ronde

August 27

I haven't been at the La Ronde amusement park for years and I've never been to a La Ronde concert cuz the "Floating stage" always seemed to float in the mainstream o: things like "Samantha Fucks" and "Rick Ghastly". But then out pops The Pixies and Love and Rockets in the Laurentide Rock line-up of Mitsou, Glass Tiger, Jody Watley, etc.

So I decided to take advantage of the \$17 tix that not only include the show but also the roller coasters! Ironically, the coasters were great but the Rockets show was not sky-high. They got off to a slow start: The opening wa: a drum beating indefinitely until they started playing a long and tedious set of insipid songs taken from the latest album humbly titled *Love and Rockets*. It is only after the seventh or eighth song that the rockets started pumping their groovy old stuff—*No New Tale To Tell*, *Kundalini Express*, and *Yin and Yang*.

However, they still ended up playing each and every song off their newest release falling into the trap of commercialism. A real crowd pleaser would have been to play cut-off each of their albums. Then, the earlie goth fans of Love and Rockets would have been satisfied as much as their present sou

fans of their *So Alive* hit. But No! They didn't even play *7th Dream of Teenage Heaven*!

In contrast, The Pixies were an all-elfin pleasing show. They played all their nefarious and zany tunes from *Caribou*, to *Gigantic*, to *Gauge Away*. What's best is that The Pixies are even more zany live than on vinyl twisting their already distorted sound to an elasticity that's enthralling! Some were so gung-ho on these little elves that they were throwing their own little stuffed animals (the ones they'd won at La Ronde) in the air. Pixies fire works! At the end of their show Black Francis attempted a "Mir-cee-boo-coo" (*Merci beaucoup*) which touched the little el in all of us.

Amanlee Choo-Fo

Ray Condo
Zaphod Beeblebrox, Ottawa
September 15

One Friday Bob and John took in Ray Condo at Zaphod Beeblebrox. One Sunday they gathered to talk about it.

Bob: To begin with I'm going to quote: faceless member of the crowd, who said tha: the opening band, The Amazing Rhythm Daddies should be called the Revolution 5 because the singer looked like Judge Harry Stone from Night Court, the guitarist looked like Jimmy Carter, and the bass player looked like Lech Walensa.

John: What did the fiddle player look like?

Bob: I don't know, like a fiddle player.

John: The Amazing Rhythm Daddies did a Django Reinhardt tune which was kind o: neat...

Bob: Yeah, kind of boring though. (ha ha)

John: I loved that tune. With the fiddle i



PHOTO: Glen Thompson

Bootsauce, DCIA
Cafe Campus
September 13

Free concerts - fuck, I love this town! I oughta take advantage of these more often - WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY????????? (In my English class, we were studying foreshadowing techniques, so I thought I'd try some in my review. As I have mentioned before, everyone in this magazine copies Blake Cheetah, so I think that every effort should be made to do otherwise and expand the boundaries of the medium ... hell, who am I kidding? All of this shit is gonna get edited out by that guy Ed who's always sticking those weird comments all through everyone else's well-orchestrated contributions. (*You're just jealous—ed.*) Anyway ...)

I didn't know that there was going to be an opening act. I certainly had no idea that a goth band, of all things, was opening up for a (recently proclaimed) big-time funk outfit. Oh well. DCIA had its fans. Don't worry about the performance, guys; they thought you were beautiful, Mr. Iggy (to paraphrase one ecstatic audience member). I liked it. If you like Bauhaus, torn clothing and angst-strained expressions, check 'em out. Still, I have to say this: CHEER UP, FER CHRIS SAKES!!!!!!

So later, the lights go down, and a low synth note snakes it's way through the club - oooooohhh. This can only mean one thing: a major label band is about to hold sermon. Bootsauce... hmm. Again, they had their contingent. This time, however, I wasn't among them.

It's O.K., but I already have Living Colour's album, and sex jokes only go so far. Lose all those backing tapes and I'd be more impressed. All I'm saying, really, is (remember the foreshadowing, now) that a universe that allows high-power funkmeisters like High Yellow to falter while Bootsauce prospers in its place is a universe NOT WORTH LIVING IN!!!!!!!

... but free concerts can make it more bearable.

P.S. Check 'em out anyway and tell me

The Rheostatics
The Rivoli,
Toronto

Anyone who needed to know about this surprise reunification did (I hear even Mr. Wonderful was there). Good thing too.

This was probably the last chance to see one of Canada's most nationalistic yet light-hearted bands in their finest form as guitarist Martin Tieli has already begun other projects and won't be joining the band in any permanent reincarnation. Too bad, Mr. Tieli was clearly the highlight of the evening, not detracting from the on stage antics of Mr. Bidini and Mr. Clark (PROD), ney the smooth melodic utterances of the always dapper Tim Vesley.

The party was called to launch a book by an old professor of Tim Vesley (he incidentally appears in it too). The band was called as a favour to liven up the place. You know how it can get when a bunch of literary types get together.

The first set accomplished the requirements as the Rheostatics drove through some familiar favorites sounding slightly rusty but infectious nonetheless. Bidini's bounds started to take a definite toll on his untrained body but the charm shone through flawlessly (nostalgia has a tendency to blind your critical perception). But as the set wore on the time away became clearly apparent, hinting only slightly to a new plateau.

Were the Rheostatics to decide to keep up the great tradition of Canadian music it remains to be seen at what length they may be willing to go. The weirdness that ensued in the second set left many of us wondering. Stay tuned.

P.S. Marlboro



NIGHT

was like Stephane Grappelli and Django.

Bob: You know, I think Eugene at Zaphod's should get go-go dancers, not to dance on speakers, but to be like fan dancers. The air in there is so thick with smoke, they should just dance around waving their fans all over the place.

John: Okay... Let's move on to Ray Condo.

Bob: Well, the volume was nice, not too loud that you were unable to talk.

John: Yeah! It was good. I was surprised because usually I have to put earplugs in, and I didn't.

Bob: I wouldn't put that in the review, because as reviewers, we're supposed to drink too much and fall on our faces.

John: What did you think of Ray this time?

Bob: I thought he was good, but I didn't think that he did the best vocal performance that he has done in Ottawa.

John: He wasn't as dynamic as I have seen him before.

Bob: But maybe he ate at Lobo Apple in the market, like we did today and it made him really sick. My intestines are on fire...

John: You have to watch yourself in my full-length mirror. One thing I didn't like at the show, was that Zaphod's stage is too small. When I saw the band before they moved around a bit more, and Lech Walensa usually does more with his bass.

Bob: I like the stage the way it is, it encourages bands to jump on the dance floor, like the Randy Peters do. It's not as if they're going to break their neck or anything.

John: How was the second set, better?

Bob: It was good, but I got into a long debate with a woman about whether I was a racist. Actually, I'm thinking of exhuming Emile Zola's body so he can write a "J'accuse" for me.

John: What the hell are you talking about?

Bob: Don't you know history John? That's what got Dreyfuss off that island that Papillon was on... Yeah, so I thought Ray was really rockin' and then I went back to my seat, and I noticed a lot more rockabilly people were already there, right? I thought that their enthusiasm swept the crowd. There was hip movement at the back. And a lot of dancing up front by the end of the show. They played that surf instrumental Mr. Moto again, and it got even bigger applause. I didn't see anybody go home alone, either.

John: It was coupling night at Zaphod's. There's something in the air, Ray Condo does it. If you want to get coupled with that someone special, go to Ray Condo!

Bob: You know, I thought it was a really good show. I liked the fact that there were quite a few people there, who looked like they would drink at hotels, rather than at nightclubs. These were country music fans. And they were into it. I think Ray Condo should do a hotel tour. I felt like I had wandered into a hotel in Copetown, or something. And that was from the music, it kind of got me focused.

John: And then you went for café au lait in the market?

Faceless Voice from the Room: This is the stupidest review I've ever heard, all you guys do is talk about yourselves.

By Bob McCarthy and John Sekerka

Feast Of Drums

NIGHT

Rivoli

August 12

Everything in this world works in a circular pattern, right? So it makes sense that the more we move into the nether regions of technology, making music more like formular compuspeak than a soother of savage beats, the closer we move to pre-evolutionary roots of music. Are you with me so far? I should have been a professor.

"Industrial" music is almost always accompanied by synth, the height of progress. Weirdness. Along this vein of logic (and I use the word logic in its most apathetic sense), the more convoluted, stupid, boring and redundant one strain of music (technopop) becomes, the more primitive a responding strain will become. Which brings me to the point at hand—The Feast of Drums.

I gather this evening was the concept of a few percussionists (percussionist always makes me think along the lines of calling a waiter a culinary purveyor) from some fairly impressive bands—Die Screaming, Sturm Group, Crash Kills 5, Neon Rome, Varoshi Fame, etc. Mongo Dobbie of Die Screaming wasn't sure what the hell was going on before he got on stage, something about six guideline ideas but basically a drum jam. Not to be confused with toe jam.

The stage and floor were littered (and I use that word appropriately) with two full drum kits, several excess snares and cymbals, oil drums, propane tanks ranging from bar-b-q to industrial size, pipes of various lengths, a suspended steel rim, chains and some very large pieces of metal. Not indicative of subtle music.

The first song, thing, whatever, was performed by the six founding (?) members. It was a thundering barrage that shook the room with clear hard rhythms and was, like the rest of the show, totally improvised. They invited anyone with drumsticks (or perhaps their own oven grate) to join in. There were soon more than 12 people hammering away at whatever was available. It was loosely reigned anarchy for a while but they really got together astoundingly quickly.

The music was so powerful that it was frightening. It was completely unique, noisy and excessively entertaining. It would probably be impossible to organize on a regular basis, but if it could be done, it would be a great venue for industrial musicians and a sort of catharsis for an audience that is forced to live in watered-down-techno-music-land. I guess you could say I liked it.

Blue Smith

Death and Horror Inc

Rivoli

August 26

In twenty years, DHI might well be sighted as one of the major causes of emphysema of, by then, ageing Rivoli dwellers. I'm talking about the demon dry ice, corrupting the youth of our day. Those who experience it suffer a sense of confusion, bloodshot eyes, and paranoia (I know I put my bag down here. Where the fuck did it go?) I find it to be one of the more annoying and grossly overused forms of theatrics.

Death and Horror Inc is three guys with a synthesizer and some propane tanks. They aren't so much a band, as a saleable package. The music is good, clean, techno-industrial,



Asexuals.

PHOTO: Soja Chichak

Asexuals, Kali & Dub Inc., Swinging Relatives

(otherwise known as the Concordia ZOObash)

September 9th

Concordia University

There are two types of reviews that appear in this magazine: those by Blake Cheetah; and those by everyone else, trying to copy Blake Cheetah. I'm afraid that this review will most likely fall in the latter category. Besides, if it fell in the former, then I'm wearing the wrong pair of underwear. I'll fight it, but I can't promise anything.

I have this perverse fantasy which I replay in my mind every night: in it, I go to a local concert and it starts EXACTLY ON TIME... anyway, after a ridiculous delay, Swinging Relatives are on. Someone said that they are a ska band gone reggae; to be honest, I wouldn't recognize good reggae if it came up to me in a loud suit, slapped me on the back and tried to sell me insurance. Fuck it, I know what I like and I like the Swinging Relatives. Nice punchy party music with a dash of social conscience.

Next up, Kali & Dub, Inc. Heavier, more hypnotic. A bulldozer plowing through my brain and down my skanking spinal cord. Incorporated? Where do I buy shares? (A question: must the songs end so abruptly?)

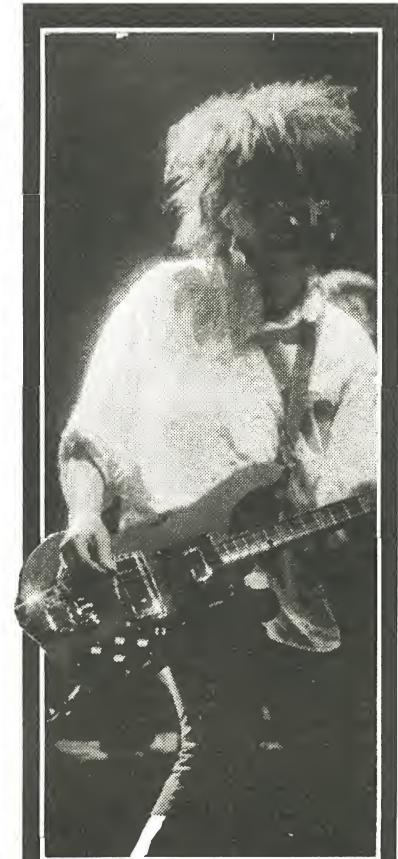
From dub to distortion: this is the first time that this medium-size townie has seen Asexuals. Now, far be it from me to repeat others' mistakes, but hey, what are the Asexuals doing in an essentially Caribbean getdown? Okay, okay, it's a personal opinion, so sue me. The shitty sound didn't help, either. You can't keep a good Asexual down, though: their pop-punk had people slamming way past their bedtime. Hey Blake, how do you like my review?

By the way, to the young woman with the black hair shaved at the back and the black denim jacket: you looked awfully lonely out there by yourself. I should have said bonjour or something. Bonjour.

Dave McIntyre, who's not a skinhead, but simply has short hair

guitarist/drummer Eric said it would be Pog. What ever they decide to call it we all look forward to it sometime this Winter.

Lizzy Lisbourne



The Cure.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

Shellyan Orphan, The Pixies, Love and Rockets and The Cure

CNE Stadium, Toronto

August 27

It was unfortunate that I missed most of Shellyan Ophan because the three songs I did hear were enjoyable. They had a violinist giving them a more quirky sound than most alternative/pop bands. A real treat nonetheless.

Next came the Pixies. Playing to an unappreciative crowd that seemed more concerned with darkly clothed individuals walking back stage than the band at hand. They didn't play my favorite tune, *Gigantic*, but were great.

Love and Rockets were next. They came onto the stage care of a spectacular light show and a receptive audience. The highlight of the set being guitarist Daniel Ash throwing his guitar to the stage with a thud of feedback, a squirm and then walking off stage. Most of the material was from their latest record which included *So Alive* featuring a female vocalist/keyboardist.

The Cure, pardon me, Robert Smith and The Cure performed for two and a half hours of old and new material. Quite a bit of movement occurred in the usually lifeless Smith. An elaborate set and light show made this a visual experience, but the screaming girls hindered the aural experience.

Jennifer Jarvis



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PHOTO: Ricardo DeLeonardis

The Medicine Men are Paul on guitar and vocals, Marika on bass, and Frank on drums. They recorded an album at Morin Heights studio and are now shopping for a label. This interview took place after their show at La Terrasse.

RearGarde: So, Marika, how long have you been with the Medicine Men?

Marika: I joined last year.

RearGarde: Have you been with another band before?

Marika: Nothing big and important. Just local bands and stuff.

Paul: That's not true. She's been in a famous rock Montreal band.

Marika: I toured with Men Without Hats last year. It wasn't me on the record, I just toured the States with them.

RearGarde: A lot of your songs are sort of commercially oriented, but by the end of the show you did two heavier songs that I liked better. What is your style? That one or the other one?

Marika: Well, the two last ones, like the Patti Smith cover, *Pumping my Heart* from *Radio Ethiopia*, are new stuff.

Paul: We like both styles, cos we wanna make a living at this, like we don't wanna be an underground band, but we're definitely leaning towards heavier stuff.

RearGarde: But do you realise that commercial bands, like U2, were underground when they started?

Marika: Obviously, we're gonna be underground for a while, it's part of the process.

RearGarde: By the way, were you influenced by U2? Some of your stuff sounds like them.

Paul: It's more the Chameleons, who were an underground cult band.

RearGarde: What kind of crowd do you want to attract?

Paul: I dunno, I guess a crossover crowd, I mean people who like Love and Rockets, The Church, and bands like that maybe could like us.

Marika: And people who like the Pretenders.

Paul: Yeah, Chrissie Hinde has a song in which she says "fuck off", but on the other hand she has songs that play on the radio, so... It's basically the name of the game.

Marika: There's also so much you can do with one guitar and one bass and one drum.

RearGarde: Are you planning on getting more musicians?

Paul: We were four; up until three months ago, and we've just been gigging as a trio, cos we couldn't find the right person to fit in the band, so we just decided that we're a pretty tight unit the way we are right now. We wanna get another guitarist, but we wanna find the right person too.

RearGarde: Is there a concept to the band?

Paul: (laughs) ...you saw our logo, which is an Aztec eagle head. I'm from South America, my roots are there, my

roots are basically Indian, so there is this whole Indian... trip, hanging over the band.

RearGarde: What does the name Medicine Men mean to you?

Paul: A medicine man is a wizard, a shaman...

RearGarde: But why did you call your band like that?

Marika: It sounded cool... (laughs)

Paul: It sounded alright, but, in terms of any meaning, it's like, a medicine man weaves magic, and we try to catch the same kind of spirit through the music.

RearGarde: That name suggests a lot. It opens the road to a lot of possibilities, concept-wise...

Paul: I think maybe what would be fun to do would be to play for Indian causes, that could be really neat, cos a lot of people are playing for causes. I mean right now there's the Rain Foundation for the Amazon forest, like the Indian chiefs from there went on a whole tour with Sting, they went all over the world, and met presidents, Prime Ministers, and it's kind of odd, but there's a lot of aid...

RearGarde: I dunno, don't you think that there's two edges to that?

Paul: Yeah, but when you're playing and you're really into it, you don't think of all the rest, like the money and stuff like that. I think basically I wouldn't mind playing for a cause and make money just to cover the cost for the gig itself, and the profit would go to whatever foundation, you know...

RearGarde: How long have the Medicine Men been existing?

Paul: The band's been around for a year and we gigged all around Montreal, we played the Spectrum, opening for the Church, and the Screaming Tribesmen, and we opened up for the Fleshtones at Club Soda.

RearGarde: You opened for them? How did it go?

Paul: Really well.

RearGarde: Fuck, you should go for that type of Screaming Jay Hawkins kind of voodoo stuff!

Paul: (laughs) Yeah, maybe...

Frank: With the Screaming Tribesmen from Australia it was a good match. They had their logo with an Indian's shield, it fit really well with what we're doing.

Paul: Now we'd like to open up for the Hoodoo Gurus and Midnight Oil...

RearGarde: Do you think that your stuff is going to take a definite orientation or is it going to stay like that? It seems like you're looking for a sound and you're not quite sure yet...

Marika: Losing a guitarist had an impact on that too. We had to rearrange and simplify.

Frank: What you heard tonight is different from what we did a month ago. We had some criticism about what we were doing before.

RearGarde: Oh yeah? Like what?

Frank: We're not talking about it cos we don't want to hear about it anymore. But now what we're doing is quite

different from what we were doing a couple of months ago.

RearGarde: It's different from the tape we have at CRSRG?

Paul: It's a million years away from that. I just used these songs, which date from before we were even called the Medicine Men, just so we could get some gigs, but we don't really do that kind of stuff anymore.

RearGarde: How do you define yourselves in the Montreal scene?

crossover. I mean, our main concern is just writing good songs, well-structured songs, musically, lyrically.

RearGarde: By the way, do you like Joan Jett?

Marika: Joan Jett's the coolest.

RearGarde: Paul Gott's gonna love you for that. How does it work with the music industry in Montreal for you guys?

Paul: Zolth. Zero. Because first of all, there's not too much of a scene here,

Montreal, is that in Montreal you can play your heart out, but all you're gonna get is a good tap on the shoulder.

Whereas if you're a good band and you play NYC or Toronto, you eventually get noticed by people in the business, cos they're all there—record companies, managers, producers, etc...

RearGarde: Do you have an album coming out soon?

Paul: We don't know yet about the album. We're considering recording



Marika: We're not Top 40, we're not real alternative, we're not hardcore...

RearGarde: It's kind of a difficult situation, isn't it?

Paul: Yeah, cos in Montreal there's a lot of speed metal bands and hardcore bands, and they get a pretty good reception because there is a very good scene for those bands. But we're kind of a

especially for anglophone bands. Sooner or later you have to go down the 401 to TO, or New York or something, cos there just simply isn't an industry for English bands here.

RearGarde: There's not much crowd either...

Paul: I think the difference between a city like New York or Toronto and like four songs and put an Indie EP out in the meantime, so we'll see what happens.

RearGarde: For me, you're a mystery, I really wonder how you're gonna turn.

Marika: So do we.

Interview conducted by Ch'Alice Camshaft

MEDICINEmen

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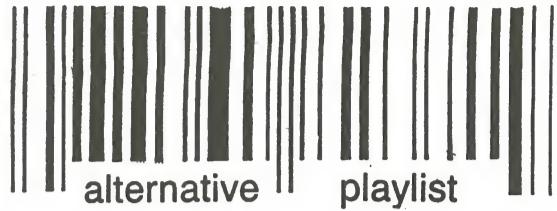
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LN	TW	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
NE	1	Various Artists (CC)	Reargards presents the Engarde Compilation	En Garde/Cargo
27	2	Revoltin Cocks	Stainless Steel Providers	Waxtrax/Cargo
7	3	Doughboys (CC)	Home Again	Restless
RE	4	All	Allroy Sez...	Cruz
NE	5	Slugs	Non-Stop Holiday	Pravda
9	6	Pixies	Here Comes Your Man	4AD/Polygram
20	7	Bruno Gerussi's Medalion (CC)	In Search of the Fourth Chord	WEA
1	8	Various Artists (CC)	It Came from Canada Vol. 5	Og
18	9	Jesus Lizard	Pure	Touch and Go
22	10	Lawn (CC)	Peace in the Valley	Secret Song
11	11	Grapes of Wrath (CC)	Now and Again	Netwerk/Capitol
26	12	Front Line Assembly	Gashed Senses & Crossfire	Waxtrax/Cargo
33	13	Red Hot Chili Peppers	Knock Me Down	Capitol
4	14	54 40 (CC)	Fight for Love	Reprise/WEA
NE	15	Squeeze	Frank	A&M
NE	16	A Split Second	From the Inside	Waxtrax
NE	17	Mecca Normal	Calico Kills the Cat	K
12	18	Randos Killing (CC)	This Whole World	Hardvark
3	19	Dinosaur Jr	Just Like Heaven (12" single)	SST/Cargo
NE	20	Stoney Creek Bluegrass Band	"Remembering" Reno and Shirley	Country Road

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 Music programming decisions are made by the individual music hosts.

c8k8!1n^W

MOST PLAYED RECORDINGS FOR SEPTEMBER 11 17 1989

LN	TW	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL/DISTRIBUTOR
29	1	VARIOUS ARTISTS	IT CAME FROM CANADA VOL. 5	OG MUSIC
1	2	*STOMPIN' TOM CONNORS	FIDDLE & SONG	ACT/CAPITOL
5	3	BIG DADDY KINSEY	CAN'T LET GO	BLIND PIG/FLYING FISH
39	4	HAND OF SUSANS	LOVE AGENDA	TRACE ELEMENTS/BLAST FIRST/RESTLESS
7	5	BOOGIE DOWN PRODUCTIONS	GHETTO MUSIC: THE BLUEPRINT OF HIP HOP	JIVE/EMG
new	6	CLIFTON JOSEPH	ORAL/TRANSMISSION	VERSO TO VINYL
17	7	ZIGGY MARLEY & THE MELODY MAKERS	ONE BRIGHT DAY	VIRGIN/A&M
12	8	VARIOUS ARTISTS	YOUR SILENCE WILL NOT PROTECT YOU (cass)	MAYA MUSIC
4	9	S.E. ROGIE	THE KING OF PALM WINE GUITAR MUSIC	WORKERS PLAYTIME
3	10	SCHOOLLY D	AM I BLACK ENOUGH FOR YOU?	JIVE/BMG
6	11	the KINSEY REPORT	MIDNIGHT DRIVE	ALLIGATOR/WEA
2	12	POGGIES	PEACE & LOVE	ISLAND/MCA
new	13	*EXQUISITE CORPSES FROM THE BUNKER	EXQUISITE CORPSES FROM THE BUNKER	HEARTPUNCH
9	14	JOSEPH RICHMAN & the MODERN LOVERS	JOSEPH RICHMAN	ROUNDER/STONY PLAIN/WEA
25	15	YOUSSOU N'DOUR	THE LION	VIRGIN/A&M
13	16	MARY'S DANISH	THERE GOES THE WONDERTRUCK....	CHAMELEON
23	17	VARIOUS ARTISTS	LIE TO ME	UMBRELLA ORGANIZATION
16	18	GEORGE CLINTON	THE CINDERELLA STORY (cassette)	PAISLEY PARK/WEA
5	19	VARIOUS ARTISTS	PASSION:SOURCES	REALWORLD/VIRGIN(UK)
new	20	ASWAD	CRUCIAL TRACKS	MANGO/ISLAND/MCA

All new material sent to C8K8! remains in a "new rotation" section
 for a minimum of 8 weeks. C8K8! programmers choose their own material.
 This list is compiled from the actual number of plays the new
 material receives. Compiled by Program/Music Director : David Barnard.
 *CANADIAN IMPORT

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SEPTEMBER 9 SEPTEMBRE
 1989

L.W. S.D.	T.W. C.S.	ARTIST ARTISTE	TITLE TITRE	LABEL ÉTIQUETTE	# WKS # SEM
2	1	Les Satellites	Riches et célébres	Bondage/Cargo	4
1	2	Jean Leloup	Menteur	Audiogram/Sélect	7
4	3	Les Tâches	Oups ...!	Ibsa/CBS	3
12	4	Arno	Charletan	Disques Virgin	2
8	5	Zachary Richard	Zack's Don Ton	Stoney Plain Records	4
5	6	Handsome Ned	The Ballad of Handsome Ned	Virgin/A&M	11
9	7	Sylvie Rodriguez	Dias Y Flores	Carthage/Hannibal	5
11	8	Front Line Assembly	Gashed Senses & Crossfire	Wax Trax Records	3
3	9	The Wet Spots	Waking Up With	Problem Children	5
7	10	The Razorbacs	Live a Little	WEA	6
18	11	Chris Isaak	Heart Shaped World	Reprise/WEA	4
19	12	Haywire	Private Hell	New Beginnings	3
13	13	Liane Foly	The Man I Love	Virgin/A&M	14
10	14	Keith LeBlanc	Stranger than Fiction	Netwerk/Capitol	3
5	15	Too Much Joy	Son of Sam I am	Alias Records	7
22	16	Guilt Parade	Coprophobia	Fringe Records	6
29	17	The Beastie Boys	Paul's Boutique	Capitol	1
14	18	The Trapt	A Minute Late ...	Independant	12
20	19	Sandy Nelson	A Hunk of Drums	Skyclad Records	2
33	20	Various Artists	Do The Right Thing	Motown/MCA	1
32	21	The B-52's	Cosmic Thing	Reprise/WEA	1
16	22	H-Bomb Ferguson	Double Pack "	Radiation Records	4
35	23	Lunachicks	Double Pack 7"	Mute/Blast First	1
15	24	World Saxophone Quartet	Rhythm and Blues	Elektra/WEA	2
26	25	Ray Condo	Hot 'N Cold	Crazy Rekids/Cargo	9
37	26	Courtice of Lassie	Sing or Die	Amok Records	1
26	27	Le Groupe Alexx	Sous influence	Artiste/Sélect	10
17	28	The Blue Aeroplanes	friendoverplane	Fire/Restless	5
38	29	54-40	Fight For Love	Reprise/WEA	1
30	30	The Dusters	Red Hot & Ready to Roll	Reptile Records	1

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PHOTO: Shawn Scallen



The Cure need no introduction. So let's rock.

RearGarde: Why the tour? You weren't planning on touring North America ever again. Why the change of heart?

Boris: Undue pressure. The record company was really keen on us doing this tour and they dangled various carrots. I suppose, and we decided by the end of it that we'd tour if we could do it on our own terms.

RearGarde: What were those terms?

Simon: Bringing Shelleyan Orphans with us for a start.

Boris: And the way we travelled over here. We didn't want to fly. We came over here on the boat (The QE2) and the management had to foot the bill for that. Basically we wouldn't come over unless everyone in the band agreed. Once everything was settled, everyone in the band did agree to do it.

Simon: Funny enough I was the most reluctant to come. I was talking to Boris last night, saying that so far, I mean we've only been away a week, we've really enjoyed it so far.

RearGarde: How did *Disintegration* come about? Nobody really expected another album from you.

Simon: After *Kiss Me*, there was a certain amount of doubt whether we'd do another LP. It wasn't a

big strategy thing like "Well it's been two years since we've recorded"—we just started rehearsing and doing these songs and it just came about.

Boris: There's no big master plan. People always want to find out what you're doing next—"When's the next tour? Are you touring again? Are you making another album?" Most of the time we don't really know what we're doing next, it really depends how the thing that you're doing at the moment goes. It's like Simon was saying, he was the one that was dreading going to America more than anyone else in the group, and, at the moment, although it's early in the tour, he's enjoying it more than anyone else. Even in Europe he wasn't keen on touring, but he really enjoyed it and got into the spirit of it, probably more than some of the members of the band who say they love touring. You just don't know what's going to happen next, it really depends on how things develop.

RearGarde: So what's the deal with *Disintegration*? I had heard rumours that you had demoed over eighty songs and there was a possibility of a double album.

Boris: We demoed a lot more songs than ended up on the album. We recorded quite a few songs properly that didn't end up on the album (they have all been used up as B-sides and bonus tracks.) But there was never any intention of making another double album, we've done that. I think the album stands up in its own right, it's really cohesive.

RearGarde: The big news with this tour is that Lawrence Thothurst, who was in the original Cure line-up with you (Simon) and

Robert is no longer in the band. He seemed to start out as a major force in the band and then was gradually phased out

over the past four albums.

Simon: Without being horrible, it was only interpreted that Lol was a major part of the band. He could never play, or anything like that. That all came about, when there wasn't a band as such for an album like *The Top* and everyone thought that Lol was a major force behind the band, but he never wrote any music. The reason why Roger joined was to cover up for Lol so that Porl could move on to playing guitars.

RearGarde: Have you heard Dinosaur Jr.'s cover of *Just Like Heaven*?

Boris and Simon: Yeah.

RearGarde: What do you think of it?

Boris and Simon: We think it's really good.

Simon: They played with us in Europe for one day. They were really good then as well.

Boris: The rest of the group sort of regrets that I heard their version of it because, after that, I started counting in about 10 times faster than I normally do and Robert was complaining than it ended up sounding like thrash metal or something. But I'm trying to control it a bit more this time.

RearGarde (to Simon): How far do you think you guys have gone since the early days? Did you ever see this coming? How do you think you have progressed or changed?

Simon: We never really started out to become massively popular. We think it's funny how in some cases we are quite popular. Obviously we've progressed. The best thing that has happened to the band was when Boris joined in. It's like the album and touring, we never actually look at it that clinically and review how much we've progressed. Every album that we do we take it one at a time and just see it in its entirety.

RearGarde (to Boris): You joined the band and then brought your friend Roger O'Donnell—who played with you in the Thompson Twins, before they became a trio—into the Cure. How did that happen? Boris: I was the most against letting him join the band. We needed a new keyboard player because lots of the parts on the *Kiss Me* album had a lot more difficult keyboard parts than on previous albums. Robert and everyone were going, "well you must know someone." And I said well I do know someone, but I don't know whether he'll fit in. I just didn't want to be in a position of being responsible for bringing someone in who might change the band one way or the other. We were in Madrid and Roger was playing with the Psychedelic Furs and I phoned him up and left a message for him. He knew what it was about, and he was really excited. He thought that the



Simon) how many were there?

Simon: There were hundreds.

Boris: It was like sixty records or more, titles that had been made up and they were in this catalogue.

Simon: I think that if a bootleg is good and someone wants to buy it, that's fine. It isn't bad unless it's a bad bootleg. Some of them are getting really sophisticated and you want to buy them. For some people buying bootlegs is their hobby. It's all good and well for them. It's a lot like making homemade beer.

RearGarde (to Simon): I met a guy from Belgium last night who is following you around on the *Prayer* tour. He said that when you played in Belgium a while ago you were playing at a festival and at the end of your set Robert Palmer was coming on and you said something like: "Fuck Rock and Roll. Fuck Robert Palmer."

Simon: That was about eight years ago. At that time we didn't have a road crew. We had about two people. We had been on for about an hour and Robert Palmer was insisting that we got off soon. We kept playing and they sent their roadies on to take down my gear and stuff. So I just said that in a fit of anger.

RearGarde: What in your mind is the Cure? What does the Cure signify for you? What is the Cure all about?

Simon: For me it's good fun and that's it. It's as simple as that.

Boris: It's about good friends. When we are on tour together we're just really good friends. We have a good time. We just like each other's company and I think that's really important. There are a lot of bands that go around hating each other. But they don't care as long as they're making money. The only reason that it's still going (the Cure) is because everybody likes each other and we like each other. It's the most important thing. And um... (pause)

RearGarde: And what?

Boris: We're going to go see Shelleyan Orphans play now.

RearGarde: Okay. Just one more question. What's up next for the Cure? You're doing this tour and then what happens? Do you just take a break and hang out in England and do festivals?

Boris: We're not planning to play in the foreseeable future. We're just going to go home and have a look at some of the songs that we've recorded at the last three shows in London that we did on a mobile. Maybe we'll put out a live album, but we're just going to see what happens.

RearGarde: Will there be a 25th anniversary tour like the Who?

Boris and Simon: No chance. Interview conducted by Shawn "Big Hair" Scallen

The Cure



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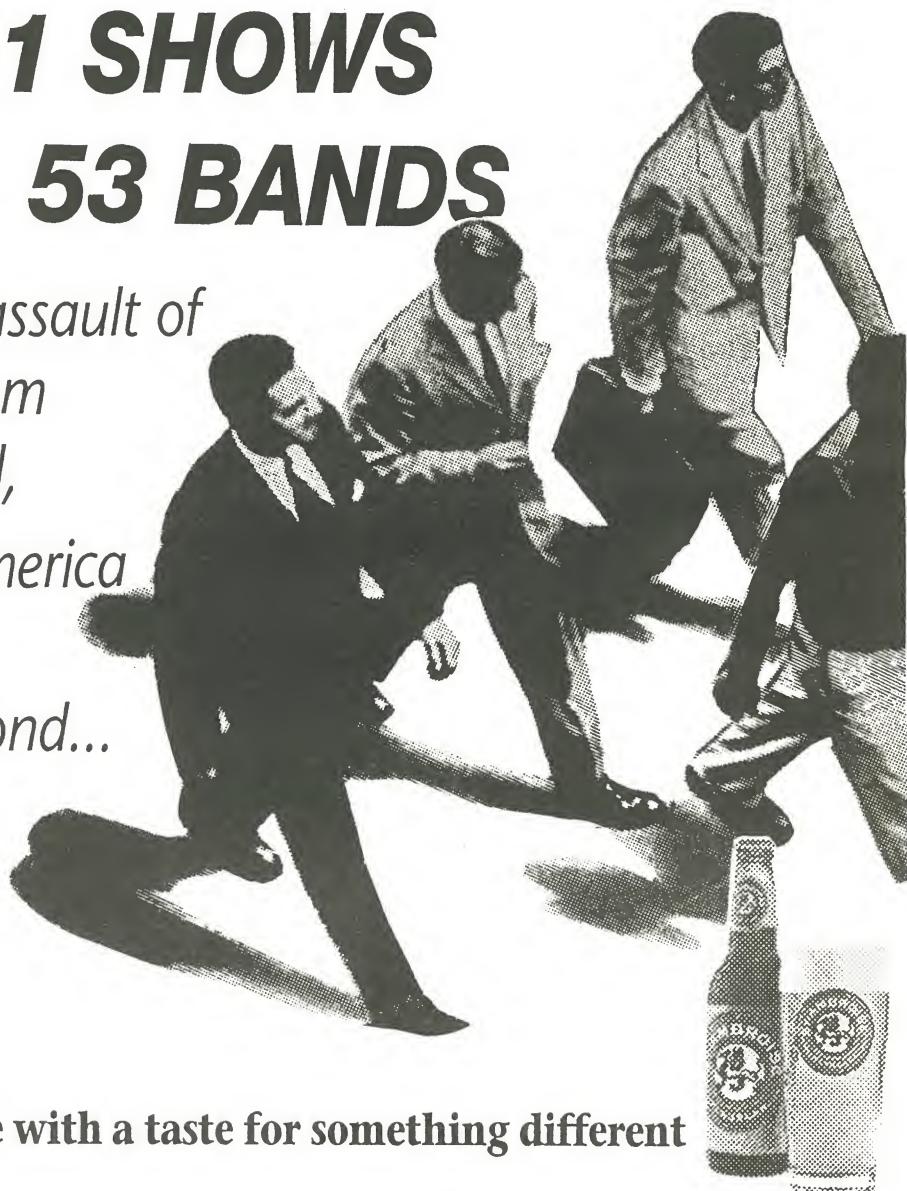
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DBC, *Universe*

DBC fans get ready, this album is going to challenge your loyalty cuz these cells ain't burned out. On this second record they've bravely taken risks and changed their sound in an admirable attempt at growth and expansion. The most notable change is the vocal style. Weird effects and multi-tracked vocals have altered Phil's voice to a semi-robotic, industrial style from another planet. Depending on one's personal taste, this could be considered interesting or over-produced. Indeed this album is very "produced". The basic DBC speedcore sound is still there and the screaming guitar leads and radical changes burn like never before. This new sound has much more of a classical influence than before. Still, there's something strange here. The production seems to emphasize all the highs, but the bass is barely audible. Lyrically and conceptually the band has definitely "matured", but the production has taken off some of the tough edges. Like this album or not, it reveals a range and depth of creativity that has no fear. (Combat Records/WEA)

Zippy

Sodom, *Agent Orange*

Pretty much run of the mill speed metal on this German band's fourth release. They've come a long way from the cheesy noise they were putting out on their first two records. Top notch production, as is usually the case with bands like this, with lots of *Slayer* and *Metallica* rip offs and even a song that sounds remarkably like *G.B.H.* If you like the aforementioned bands you'll probably like this. I dunno, I think it's time for something new though. (RC Records, 225 Lafayette suite 709, New York, NY 10012)

John Coinner

Sacred Reich, *Surf Nicaragua*

I must confess to already being a big Sacred Reich fan after having heard the slashfest on last year's *Ignorance* LP. *Surf Nicaragua* is a perfect example of Phil Reid and company's intelligent lyrics and powerful musicianship. The six song EP kicks off with a "mosh" party song, complete with a souped up version of *Wipeout*, then into the hypnotic *One Nation* which deals with world peace. Interestingly enough they do a cover of the classic *Black Sabbath* tune *War Pigs*, doing a good enough job to satisfy both Sabbath fans and Reich fans alike. *Draining you of life* then adds some bullet-fast spice to the disc, followed by two live tracks to close off the record. All in all an excellent way to prove how Sacred Reich have grown since the last album. If this is any indication of where they are going I'm sure you'll be hearing a lot more about Sacred Reich in the future. (Metal Blade Records, 18653 Ventura Blvd. suite 319, Ventura, CA 91356)

Leigh Hasan

Black And White, *Don't know yet*

Well I guess it had to happen eventually. I mean rap and metal have always been a fairly popular mixture with bands like *Run DMC*, *Beastie Boys* and *Anthrax* achieving mega stardom crossing over the two. So here we finally have two rappers, one b-boy and one headbanger, putting out an entire album of metal/rap ditties. Darn it if I didn't want to give this album a rave review but sorry guys it just don't work. The idea of combining metal and rap was an interesting novelty, and I've always enjoyed metal or rap bands who throw in one or two of these songs with the rest of their stuff, but not a whole album. The fact that these guys are extremely mediocre rappers doesn't help either. Too many guitar solos, boring song arrangements, moronic lyrics (*No Head No Backstage?* Gee, how clever) Nope these

guys really don't have anything going for them.

John Coinner

Boogie Down Productions, *Ghetto Music: The Blueprint of Hip Hop*

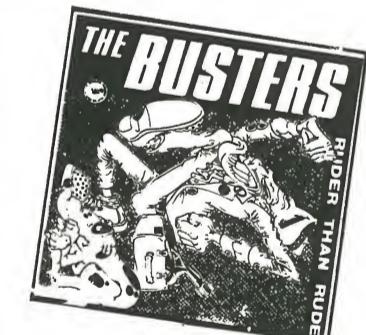
KRS-ONE and company are back, this time going to the roots of rap music to try and somehow bring a new perspective to a side of underground music that is quickly becoming, in B.D.P.'s opinion, much too commercialized. The result is a selection of songs influenced more by the Jamaican dancehall style of rapping than the New York sound they had on their previous releases. I really prefer the regular "hardcore" stuff and find that *Ghetto Music...* really misses its mark. There are a couple of good tunes, like *You must Learn* and the previously released *Jack Of Spades*, but overall this really is pretty boring. The biblical references in the lyrics are a bit strange too. It's a shame because KRS-ONE seems to be a pretty sincere guy trying to make a difference for the better in a music scene that, like it or not, is infested with drugs, violence, and yes, racism. Too bad. (BMG)

John Coinner

Doughboys, *Home Again*

Pay attention to Bill Stevenson's name on an album jacket, because he sweated blood to give SST Records their rockin' California godhead sound back in the good old days. Congrats to the Doughboys for getting Stevenson to co-produce *Home Again*, and additional backslaps for inking a North American deal with Restless Records. Believe me, these days it is a rare treat to an underground band playing it straight. Ever since *Husker Du* broke up it seems like bargeloads of indie rock bands are trying to get a specific somewhere on a joke and a prayer. I think the song *She Doesn't Live Here Anymore* reflects the fairly serious mood of this album. Somber vocals hiding in fast guitars made me crank up the volume, not only to catch all of John Kastner's troubles, but also to bang my head to in perfect rhythm. This is one excellent album to howl along with. If you want to buy Canadian, (and I know good citizens who do!), now is the time, and here is the album, etc. etc.... (Restless/Capitol)

Bob McCarthy



The Busters, *Ruder Than Rude*

If the word 'ska' makes you grin and salivate, this album may be just what the doctor ordered. As Montreal's numero uno ska fanatic I do solemnly swear that this LP is the best thing I've heard since *The Specials* did their thing way back in the seventies, and is worth every hard-earned penny. But let me explain. This album consists of several good songs, three very good songs, one excellent song, and one superfuckinfantastic number that knocked my pork pie off—s'truth. The 'very good' songs consist of a one-minute churning ska-meets-Can-Can instrumental; *Tribute to the Skatelite*, an original that sounds so much like old Jamaican rock steady you'd vow it was the real thing; and a neat cover of *Bobby McFerrin's Don't Worry Be Happy* that's four times as fast and ten times as good as the sappy original. The 'excellent' song, *Drinking in the Pubs*, is very Russian-sounding (which is probably why I like it so much, with my roots and all), right down to the lead singer's East European accent (which

happens to be because the band is German, but no matter). And the Buster's chef d'oeuvre, *Mickey Mouse In Moscow*, again echos the band's obvious obsession with the Russian act, from the inspired melancholy violin intro to the rousing chorus of *Let's party at the Kremlin and skank down in Gorky Park!*, from the super horn riffs to spine-tingling melodies. Probably the best song I've ever heard anywhere. (Bondage International, 17 rue de Montreuil, 75011 Paris)

Rockin Russian Rina

The Devil Dogs, *The Devil Dogs*

Let's get the conflict of interest out of the way first, OK? I play tracks off the Devil Dogs LP every monday night at Zaphods here in Ottawa. In particular, their cover of *Be True To Your School* gooses reluctant bodies onto the dancefloor where they belong. As a DJ, that kind of response is irresistible. Listening to the entire LP at home ain't much different! This is a raunchy, dirty minded and sexist heap of imported rock-a-rama that mocks, by it's very existance, all the bad values that those in hock-to-the-hairspray-company-bands try so hard to slink down into. This be the real thing! And I don't know why I find the latest *Chemical People* album so stupidly tasteless, and yet I love the Devil Dog's LP, even with songs like *Suck The Dog* and *Hosebag*. Must have something to do with the music. I should be well and truly ashamed of myself, right, but these dudes are the Ramones on spanish fly, and I can't help lovin' em. (Crypt Records)

Bob McCarthy

Ajo and the Hungry Boys, *Ride An Elephant*

Ride An Elephant, the LP debut of Ajo and the Hungry Boys sounds like a perfectly salable add-on for all those ubiquitous Canadian FM stations with cutesy monikers. Hey, there are scads of Canadian bands like this around, sounding like they spend their studio time obsessing on glitz. Here is another band with the right "modern rock" bits and pieces, and looky here, no sticky center to muss things up! I don't doubt that Ajo and crew are sincere, (lyrics like the ones for *Peace of Beak* of earnestly), but spare me the homilies, hungry boys. In the Can-Con market salad, Ajo and the Hungry Boys are stale lettuce, or maybe just to mix a metaphor, Vanilla Vanelli's for not so hungry ears. (Edit/Electric Distribution)

Bob McCarthy

Royal Crescent Mob, *Spin The World*

I do not like this record. If an alter of ultimate stupidity were constructed, this record would be the center piece. It sounds a bit funky, a bit rappish, and even elements of chunky pop metal. The recording is quite good. They flip back and forth between a number of male vocalists throughout the songs. Try these on for words: "I miss your dishes, must have something to eat, I love your mutton, it can't be beat. I'm hungry. C'mon baby your six foot nine, if I can't eat your dessert I'll really start to whine." They do only one fast song that sounds a lot like *The Dickies* from whom we expect ridiculous lyrics.

Ewan Macdonald

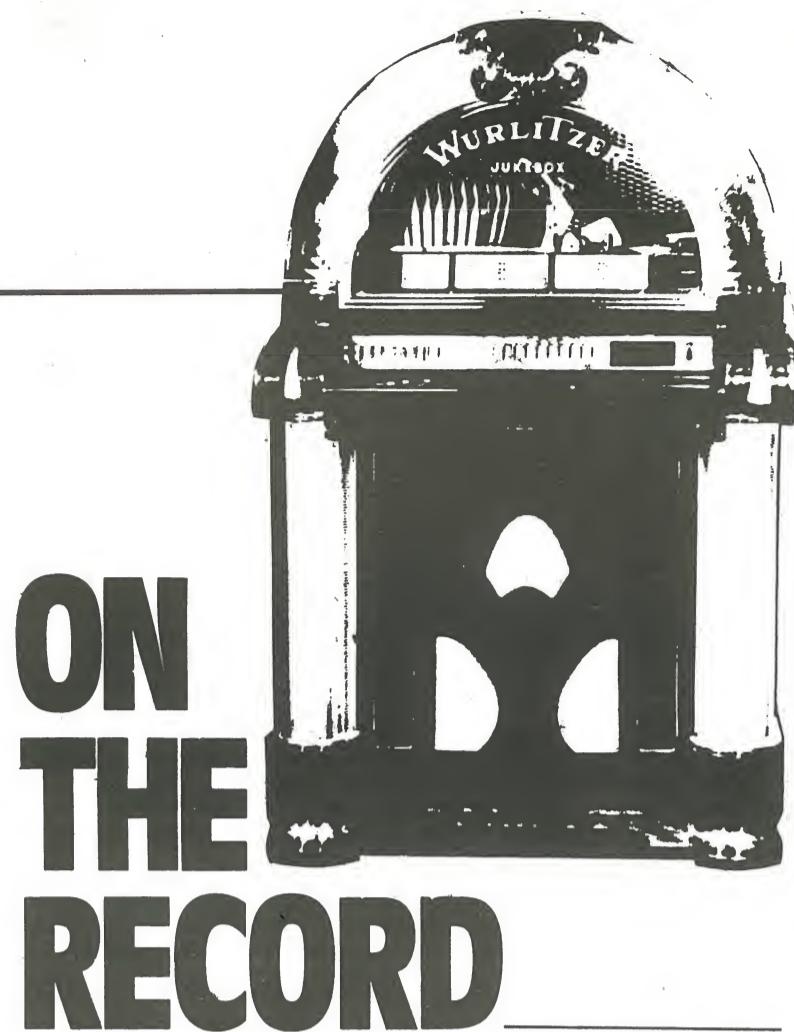
Enuff Z' nuff

I despise this record. Metal, stupid, asinine, idiotic, obnoxious, foolish, mindless, brainless, half-baked, offensive, disgusting, sexist, racist. This band has taken badness to the extreme.

Ewan Macdonald

Picture Comes To Life

The next time I get married on the Love Boat, the captain will finish the ceremony and we will all move to the Lido Lounge where Picture Comes To Life will play the music for the dinner/dance/reception. The little umbrellas will not be shaken from our drinks by the pounding rhythms or pogoing punk rockers. At best my pina colada will be



ON THE RECORD

stirred when someone bumps the head table during the Bird Dance. The Lido Lounge love this band. They can sit amongst the plastic plants and enjoy. The vocals are pretty, the production is completely inoffensive. I, Vegas Presley and all my children, love this record. (BMG)

Vegas Presley

Eurythmics, *We Too Are One*

I don't dislike this record. Imagine if you will: It's forty below and you're using records as bedding. Most discs would be like an inch thick sleeping bag, with an outer shell, some stuffing, an inner shell, and a zipper to hold it all together. The Eurythmics blanket would be one inch thick but would be made up of sheet like spider web layers, one on top of the other yet all interwoven and again with a big zipper to hold it all together. Ms Lennox has vocal qualities that are light years away from the zzzzz of a zipper's song. This band can write the quality blues numbers, and there are a few here, but they also include some rather trite *Don't Worry Be Happy* type stuff. I like Dave Stewart's guitar stuff where the attack is as much a part of the sound as the note is. Some of the poetics are nice too. (BMG)

Ewan Macdonald

Klaus Flouride, *Because I Say So*

This is a solo effort from the former Dead Kennedy's bass player, but bears absolutely no resemblance to the music of that band. Strange and eclectic are the only words to describe this record. It starts off with a tough, grinding, repetitive industrial stomp and splits off into at least a dozen different directions over the following 15 tracks. Feedbacking, fuzztone guitars, bleak industrial dirges, vocal distortions, weird tape loops and a couple of straight-ahead country folk tunes can be heard. Admirably adventurous and definitely a listening experience. But is it good you might ask? Shit, I don't know. (Alternative Tentacles, P.O. Box 11458, San Francisco, California, USA 94101)

Zippy

Hoodoo Gurus, *Magnum Cum Louder*

When the first Hoodoo's album was released several years ago I thought it was a rock n' roll revelation. However with each album they've progressively mellowed and become more commercial. With this release I'm bored. I'm sure their fans will love it though: smooth pop melodies, jangly guitars, nice harmonies etc. There's even two or three good rockin' tunes. Basically they've got a formula and they've got their fans. Same old shit. (RCA/BMG)

Zippy

Miles Davis, *Amandla*

The last Miles Davis album I'm familiar with is the 1986 release *TVTV*: a tough, modern and funky disc that marked the return to relevancy of the "King of Cool".

Rockin' With The Rev



Hi friends. You know, the whole wide world's been Taking The Mickey Mouse out of good ol' Jim Bakker lately, and you know, friends, this is Not A Good Thing. See, the Rev can fully feel the God Awful pain and sorrow this Fine Young Propagator is undergoing these days.

See, when Jim says he knows how That Wacky Guy Jesus felt on His Way to The Condo in the Sky, the Rev knows it too. And the Rev can just see y'all out there, Smug and Satisfied While Listening to Blaspheming Rock'n'Roll, laughing at Good Things Like Jim Bakker and The Fact that Legions of Stupid People sent him cash like there was no tomorrow, which was exactly what He promised. O.K. Fine. Laugh away, you Cretinous Vermin. But I digress.

Remember when rock'n'roll shows were cheap, like \$2 a shot? O.K. How much cash is flowing now? \$8? \$10? \$15? \$20? Yup, look who's laughing now. At least when you send Jim Bakker money, you get to see Something Special. Remember the show when good ol' Tammy Faye (that fine, fine Purveyor of Good Taste), levitated out of her seat and sang "God Bless America", while hovering 50 feet above the ground?

Go to a Rock'n'Roll show and there's No Hope In Heck you'll ever Witness Such a Spectacle. All you'll see are Guys In Tight Pants and Cowboy Boots singing, "Ooh baby, baby, I'm an angst-ridden white boy so Let's Spend the Night Together." And you know, friends, the Really Funny Thing is that after the show, you can go backstage at any Perfidious Pit of Sin, and find the aforementioned Cowboy-Boot-Clad Fine Young Men surrounded by Cowboy-Boot-Clad Fine Young Women, discussing world politics, surrealism, and Jim Bakker. Yeah, right. See, Cowboy Boots Are Stupid.

The only people you'll ever see wearing cowboy boots are People With Pointy Feet (who should never be trusted any ol'time), Groupies With Pointy Feet and a Not Good Sense of Propriety, and People Who Used To Be In The Scene 10 Years Ago but discovered jobs, haircuts, and pointy feet. But I digress.

Friends, the funniest thing the ol'Rev has seen in a long, long, time happened just the other day. Preaching on the corner of Sherbrooke and St. Laurent, just on the edge of Cowboy Boot Territory, the Rev heard a curious sound. Jingle, crunch. Jingle, crunch. Jingle, crunch. And what Fine-Feathered Freak Dothst Pass Thine Eye? Cowboy boots, which are bad enough, flared polyester jeans, which are a Capital Offence in some places, and to Top the Whole Gosh-darned Kit and Kaboodle off, spurs on one foot and not the other. Friends, this is Truly Stupid. Who's ever going to ride half a horse in the middle of this fine city? As is written in The Only Menu that Ever Mattered, "Half a mind is o.k., half a loaf is edible, but half a horse is worse than half-minded, half-loafed people dealing with half-loaded halves." Matthew 4:34.5 But I digress.

Friends, the real kicker behind the Stupidity of Cowboy Boots is that they Don't Have Velcro. See, Velcro is Good. No more having to Go Through Life With A Stigma, cos in grade three you could never learn how to tie your laces. No more turning into alienated, angry punk rockers because of this Stigma. Nope, Life is Good with Velcro. No more stigma, no more punk rock. This is Good.

You can always tell how cool a sub-culture is by how much velcro is involved. Cowboy boots don't have velcro. Punk boots don't have velcro. Get rid of 'em! However, if you look closely, Tammy Faye's wig and make-up are adhered with velcro. Therefore, Jim Bakker and Company are Good. But I digress.

Friends, the time has come now for the ol'Rev to do some good ol'fashioned grovelling. It's been over a year now that He has communicated the Fun Words of the Lord through this here column, and you know, the Rev hasn't received one Letter of Praise, or one Letter of Scorn-filled Hate. And this is Not Good. Back in the good ol'days, the Rev used to sell vacuum cleaners for a living (this is way before the Infamous Trucking for the Lord era), and folks, it just ain't no fun working in a vacuum, so the Rev is down on His knees, begging you please, Do the Righteous Thing and Spill Your Guts to the Rev. Believe you me, It is Fun and who knows, all you slimy worms out there might just benefit from some wholesome activity to enrich your Wretched Lives.

Better yet, if you have ever Been Blinded By The Light through this here column, or even maybe just Cast Thine Eyes Somewhere Else, open up thine heart and pocketbooks, and send money, c/o RearGarde, to the 'Well, Geewhillikers Jim Bakker Sure Is A Fun-loving Guy, So Let's Send Him Some More Money Defence Fund.' You know that deep in you hearts you want to do it, the Rev knows you want to do it, so do it. Amen.

Amandla continues along the same lines, only far mellower. I do like the album because its got the moody, spacey and abstract wanderings that are Miles' style. However, I'm no jazz purist or anything, but my only complaint about this new-era Miles stuff is the drum machines and synthesizers. Although not used on every track, they sound too distant and poppy—almost pretentious. But Miles took a lot of shit in the '60's when he went electric with his masterpiece *Bitches Brew*, so maybe he knows something I don't. (WEA)

Zippy

Zoog Rift and His Amazing Shitheads, *Torment*

This weirdo could be labelled the Frank Zappa of the 80's. Strange, sarcastic and humorous lyrics, mostly spoken, reflect Zoog's pissed-off attitude at the world. I find it a little overbearing and pretentious at times, but to me the most interesting aspect of the album is the music. And there's lots of it here between "verses". Totally crazed, semi-jazz, experimental weird shit and off-side guitar playing that could knock a buzzard off a shitwagon at twenty paces. I feel the same way about this guy as I do about Zappa: shut up and play music. (SST Records, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, California, 90260.)

Zippy

Band of Susans, E.P.

Here we have your basic "noise-pop" music, somewhere between Sonic Youth and Julio and Mary Chain. Only one of the three songs hints at any real noise in the grooves, the other two songs are too poppy for me. Imagine "noise music" going commercial already, just when I was starting to get into it. (Blast First, 262 Mott Street #324, N.Y., N.Y., 10012.)

Zippy

The Men They Couldn't Hang, *Silvertown*

For those big on the Pogues I suggest you run out and buy this album immediately cuz ya gonna love it. Or maybe you'll think they're just a chintzy imitation. In all fairness, I'm sure they have their own style, but one British/Irish drinkin' band is enough for. (Silvertone Records.)

Zippy

Jonathan Richman, Live

This live album features Jonathan accompanied only by his Stratocaster and his child-like charm. Simple, catchy rhythms and melodies and yer typical cute J.R. lyrics. Although I like the Modern Lovers, this "loveable" solo Jonathan-minimalism is wearin' mighty thin on me. There's a couple of interesting instrumentals here that aren't bad, but listening to this record is like eating a double-fudge ice cream covered in sugar and maple syrup... so fuckin' sweet 'n' cute I wanna scream 'n' puke. (Rounder Records, One Camp Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, USA 02140.)

Zippy

The Kinsey Report, *Midnight Drive*

This is authentic 80's style Chicago blues. At this point its practically impossible to come up with anything really new in blues these days so its become mostly a matter of style. The Kinsey Report plays tough and hard, but certainly within the bounds of traditional blues, with lots of heavy guitar leads and soulful vocals. There's a bit of Texas-style blues guitar playing a la Stevie Ray Vaughan and a couple tunes in general that boot bum. This band isn't trying to reinvent the blues, but they deliver it hot and fresh. (Alligator Records and Artist Management Inc., Box 60234, Chicago, Illinois, USA 60660.)

Zippy

Pop Will Eat Itself, *This is the day, this is the hour, this is it!*

Tough, acid-industrial dance floor throbbin'. Sampled sounds, stolen riffs, tapes

and "real" instruments intertwine though metallic, post-technological, electro-rap landscapes. The lyrics are intelligent, sarcastic and humorous. The concept of pop eating itself seems appropriate here as P.W.E.I. have created an innovative collage and commentary on the state of pop music on the foundation of a fun mega-dance beat with an attitude problem. I like it. (RCA/BMG)

Zippy

Bruno Gerussi's Medallion, *In Search of the Fourth Chord*

Great name for a band. The album title is appropriate also, but I think their search failed. But, hey!, nothing wrong with good 'ol three-chord rock... or pop in this case. BGM are fun and boppy, with some cool guitar leads here and there. I like about half the songs. It's good, clean fun but a little too safe for me to get too excited. (WEA)

Zippy

Agony Column God, Guns, and Guts

Yup, you got it, more speed metal hell. These guys claim to be Motorhead meets Manson. What a load of shit. O.K. wait a sec. I don't wanna come off entirely negative. Here's the deal. Ya got yer speedcore, yer death metal, yer progressive speed thrash death christian core, well ya ready?? drum roll please... CHEEZZ METUL. Now under the new category of metal I cannot possibly in any way, shape, or form slag these hairbags. Cool beans. Is this album ever cool. Ya even get a poster of a guy sticking a trident through a rams skull, phukin' A eh!. I'd buy this album just to have the song titles around the house. Check these out 66 six-guns(for satan), Cars, sex and violence, and the thought provoking Fiendish plots and Diabolical minds. Surprise!!! this album was even electronically produced to be played loud, avec!!! So I cranked 'er up and holy smokes, these guys are the premier band in CHEEZZ METUL. Chuggin' riffs and a singer who screams straight from the bag. They have a predominant dark bass-ee sound, which is either on purpose or because some dude can't work the knobs on the sound board. They even try different production on some songs, which is either on purpose or because the rock band forgot how to set up the knobs on their gear. If that ain't diverse enough for ya they have blues 'n rock 'n stuff filtering throughout the disc. And for the kids they even have super speedmetalarama tempo, talented or what!! If ya got the bucks and ya want to explore and be on top of the newest and latest thing in metal... CHEEZZ METUL, go for it, live a little, y'all be soorrry. (Big Chief records, 611 Broadway #907E NYC, NY USA 10012)

Zippy

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for cassettes only

songs. Sometimes he makes me think of Charlie Couture pop songs. The accordion and harmonica used on a couple of tracks give more feeling to the main subject. The song *Le Bon Dieu* composed by Jacques Brel is just right. Second side. Rock guitar for *Black Doll* and Bob Dylan's dragged voice for the track *Trouble In Mind* reminds me of *Everybody wants to get Stoned*. Finally on *Le Tangode La Peau* he has an East Front voice rolling his "R" the way Monty Catsin used to. If you like varied styles of music performed by a funny singer, you should give Arno a try. He is funny. (Virgin Records Canada)

Bery



The Jesus Lizard, *Pure*

I like this record, but what are they singing about? The guitar sounds a bit like a tunable circular saw. The bass sounds like it has clangy metal bars instead of strings. Drums sound good. Vocals are doctored with effects. Music and delivery are great, though the lyrics and album cover are suspect. "Would you like a blockbuster shoved up your ass?" And an american flag/naked woman graphic. (Touch and Go, P.O. Box 2550, Chicago, IL, USA 60625)

Ewan Macdonald

Throwing Muses, *Hunk Papa*

This record is okay. I would enjoy this record more if I could understand their lyrics. I should have paid better attention during poetry class in high school. The words are delivered in a somewhat wailing manner, by a strong female voice. The band plays a good variety of material based on a solid guitar/drummer mix. It's kind of weird art pop with an art bent to it. The powerful vocals may have been influenced by women like Michelle Shocked, Sinéad O'Conor, and Maria McKee. (WEA)

Ewan Macdonald

Monuments Galore

This record did not do anything special for me, sorry M.G. I feel kind of bad because it is obvious that it took time putting it together. Smoothly distorted guitars, phase shifting on the bass, and fairly big drum sound are all nice. The band accents their vocals with gangs of three-part harmonies. This happens throughout. Some of the words are strong but when delivered like K.C. and the Sunshine Band they lose their impact. (BMG)

Ewan Macdonald

The Last, *Awakening*

If the quality of a recording relies half on words and half on music, then this record is half bad. These guys must be pedophiles as they refer to their subject matter as "girls" or "baby". Hopefully their psychological imbalance can be treated because the music is quite good. Lots of guitars (jangly distorted ones and lots of acoustics), organ, typical drums and bass. The vocals remind me of early seventies travelling musicians in jesters clothes doing punky mandrigals. The main theme seems to be: She's a geek because she doesn't love us. It should be: because we're geeks she doesn't love us. (SST, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA, USA 90260)

Ewan Macdonald

Gang Green, *Older...*

I gotta admit I was dreading hearing this

latest release from Boston drunk rockers Gang Green. The title suggested that they were giving up trying to rock as hard as all the younger bands and were just going to settle for an attempt and commercial rock. Heck, can you blame me? They even do a ballad. How did I know this? Uh, well it's called "ballad." Anyway my first indication of being wrong was in learning that ex-D.R.I. bassist Josh Pappe has joined the G.G. line-up. This guy can rage. So I put it on. Holy Sheeeeiiii! Wicked double bass and chugging dual guitars open the song *Church of Fun*. Not only is *Older...* as heavy and obnoxious as the slew of metal/hardcore crossover bands coming out these days, but it blows the shit out of anything Gang Green has done in the past. The whole album consists of party songs with hilarious lyrics about various inane subjects that are maybe a bit sexist in places, but the basic point is just having fun. Then there's *The Ballad*. I was afraid that maybe they were serious with the pretty little acoustic beginning and the lyrics that begin: "I've been working hard all day. Recovering from yesterday, making love to the... couch?" Nope, even their ballad is a drinking song. Great fucking album. (Emergo Records, 225 Lafayette St. Suite 709, New York, N.Y. 10012)

John Coinner

Flamin' Groovies, *Groovies Greatest Grooves*

For those of you who got seriously into the neo-60s thang via the Chesterfield Kings, Gruesomes, etc., here is a compilation of the 70's prime exponent of post-Mersyside/Dastford songstering. The Groovies took the same elements that your 60s punk icons appropriated but took them on step further, utilizing neo-Spector (via Dave Edmunds) production values immaculately detailed songwriting and an amazingly high energy level. In their heyday the Groovies could play alongside the Damned and not suffer comparison-wise. The compilation covers the 3 Sire LPs (*Shake Some Action*, *Now and Jumpin' In the Night*) and cuts out a lot of the window dressing covers associated with those originals, leaving just the meat of the matter and very sweet meat it is. You also get the *Slow Death*, *Tallahasie Castle*, and *River Deep, Mountain High* 45s (at no extra cost) and *Teenage Head* the title track of their 71 classic featuring their original lead singer and is as perfect a Led Zep parody as any. This compilation is near-perfect in song selection, except it's a non-vinyl release, well, that blows. However, grab a copy on tape, OK? You could spend your money in a lot worse ways. (WEA)

The Mole

Bauhaus, *Swing the Heartache*

This compilation package is actually more useful than you might think. While a quick glance at the song titles would reveal several familiar titles these are not necessarily the familiar versions. This double LP is actually a collection of Pell sessions and as such they provide an interesting chance to hear songs in a crude form, the sound quality is quite good and there are also two previously unreleased songs. Unfortunately there is also blatant filler in the shape of a few songs existing in the same form found on other cheaper LPs. Bauhaus is very much an acquired taste. But if you're a fan you'll want this. (Polygram)

David James

Boys Next Door, *Vault EP*

Not to be confused with the infamous pre-Birthday Party outfit that spit Nick Cave onto the unsuspecting world. Nah, this is an Ottawa band. You've seen 'em. You've heard 'em. You've bumped into 'em. Long hair, plenty of talent, a good mix of originals and covers. So I slap on side two for *Love Me Two Times* and this wicked bite in the groove flips the needle over to *Winding Stairway*. I try again but the record skates on. Quite amusing. After 28 takes I grow tired. The five originals are well worth

repeated listens as are the live versions. If someone has a clean copy please lemme know how the *Doors* cover sounds. Should be on CD. (Independent)

John Sekerka

Trotsky Icepick, *El Kabong*

Actually not as tough as nails as one might expect. Edges close to melodious hooky rock. Long time SST Vitus Matare is back to confuse the hell outta me again. This ain't the Last. This ain't the Minutemen. But I can hear traces of both at times. Psychedelic groovers mesh with power thrash. I'm kinda digging it. Then they kick in with yet another version of *The Light Pours Out of Me*. My thumb springs upright at this point. *Say Goodnight* throws me around and El Kabong! Right upside the head! Ow, that smarts. Thumb is still up. Available on CD. (SST, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA, USA 90260)

John Sekerka

The Nits, *Hat*

A-hem. This is clever, atmospheric, minimalist cabaret music for serious listening. Stop yawning already: this stuff is great I tell ya. It grows slowly. Like moss. In a week it's all over you. In a month it's inside you. Then sometime the mood hits and you've gotta put on the Train, or the House, or the Hat, or the Dream. There's something truly witty underneath that glossy white coat. Well worth peeling I say. I wanna mention some names 'cause they sound cool: Henk Hofstede, Rob Koet, Robert Jan Stips, and Joke Geraets (female, trust me). So when in Amsterdam... Sounds great on CD. (CBS)

John Sekerka



Condition, *Swampwalk*

Yeah, yeah, so it's been out a while. So what? This here deserves lotsa mentions, so lemme mention a few. After several years and LP's worth of trying, this Montreal combo has finally found it. Definition of "It": fine line of cohesion between various musical styles including pop, country, swing, garage rock, and B-movie pop. Very kitchy (which, as of this writing, is a positive adjective kids). No sign of a CD. (AMOK)

John Sekerka

Various Artists, *The Bridge*

Another damn tribute album. This time it's Neil Young being covered with a blanket by who's who of alternative music. Great tangents make this the coolest cover LP since the Coolies dug Paul Simon's *Dig*. The Pixies, Loop, and Soul Asylum shine, but it's obvious worshippers Dinosaur Jr. and Nick Cave that soul bleed their versions. My favorite is Sonic Youth doing a trashy guitar romp through *Computer Age*, which unravels into a Young classic. Buy at all costs. Two extra tracks on CD. (Caroline)

John Sekerka

SEND BEER
records
to RearGarde,
P.O. Box 1421
Station H, Mtl
H3G 2N4.

This month's column is a desperate attempt to catch-up on all the cassettes that have been piling up at our luxurious RearGarde backroom. Usually this thing is a culmination of opinions by the people I work with but on this particular occasion the kids were uncharacteristically cynical so a lot of their comments have been yanked, no great loss I'm sure. Burnt Barfeet and Peter Stephan do make an occasional appearance, some things just can't be helped. But for the most part you'll be stuck with my impartial and frequently inconsequential opinion. By the way, my name is Emma, so sue me...

First up we have Blackgamma. That's one word folks. This band can best be slotted in the glam rock category, that never revs-up enough to be called bad-assed rock. This is definitely music for kids that wear black and cowboy boots with spurs. Some of it is interesting. *Playin' Hardball (With the Big Boys)* has been described by some around here as heavy metal rap. If it weren't so seventies I'd say they had something good goin'.

KGB Records, 198A Queen St. W. #4, Toronto, Ont.

Burnt liked this next one, it's by a band called Assembly Required and it's a two song demo. The first song is kid pop/ska music. It's lively, bubblegumish and fun. The woman lead has a quirky voice that grows on ya. Unfortunately, the second song degenerates into a ucky, folky and bland pop song, just what all the big labels are looking for. The band does warn that the demo consists of their poppiest stuff, hopefully they'll stick to the fun toons.

33 Sunnydale Rd, D.D.O., Quebec H9B 1E3.

Door number three reveals a band called Maelstrom with *Fatal Foresight*. The whole thing starts off as a bad Pink Floyd dream and degenerates into a heavy metal nightmare. You've figured out by now that I really hate heavy metal and all the instrumental masturbation that goes along with it but if I were a long-haired, headbanging kind of retard I'd say something like, "Heavy dudes, cool drums, way-heavy guitar licks." Later babe.

The Void, P.O.Box 397, Pt. Stanley, Ont N0L 2A0.

Degenerate Youth! have a fast-paced speedcore demo called *World Gone Mad* that really grooves. The music tends towards speedmetal but the lead singer is definitely from the hardcore school of music, add to this politically correct lyrics and you have a bonafied thrash band that can rock hard and heavy. A couple of musical surprises would lift this above the onslaught of thrash bands around these days.

\$5 to 67 Hay Ave (top floor), Etobicoke, Ont. M8Z 1G3.

I really hate preachy, right-wing zealots which explains why I really hate the tape by The Warning entitled *Repent or Die*. This is an Industrial/Heavy Metal Christian band from California (either that or I've missed the joke entirely). With songs titles like *Jesus Is The Only Way* and my personal favorite *Abortion Is Murder* where some of the lyrics go like this, "Fill the doctor's pocket full of cash another baby in the trash", a lot of unchristian thoughts come to mind. Shit like this isn't worth the effort.

Salstre Entertainment, P.O.Box 324, Station A, Islington, Ont M9A 4X3.

Next we have Paul Dakota. Burnt sits there scratching his armpits and picking his teeth, if he were holding a beer and slobbering all over the place yelling "ye ha!" it'd be perfect. I can only classify this as twang and roll for the middle-class. Mr Dakota is your simple gambling, travelling kinda guy. It's pretty good stuff and quite a few people would appreciate the subtle Bruce Springsteenish sound of this one.

That's Rock'n'Roll, \$3, 79 Isabella, Toronto, Ontario M4Y 1N7.

We got this tape awhile back, but unfortunately it got stuck at the bottom of the RearGarde demo reviews black hole. Genetic Error play that fast Speedcore/metal stuff I love to hate, but gosh, they do it so well. The stuff's a lot more interesting than most. You can actually say they kick-ass in a big way. If you're into this genre pick this one up.

5425 Royal, Trois-Rivieres Ouest, Quebec (819) 375-0774.

Crown of Thorns sent a seven song demo. This one comes to us from the heavy metal capital of the world, Winnipeg. Yup, it's loud, aggressive but to damn close to 70's heavy metal to be considered anything but unoriginal. There just ain't enough thrash.

Dan Phillipot, 482 Woodydell dr. Wpg, MB R2M 4N5.

The next offering comes from a band out of Montreal called Bliss with a tape entitled *Off The Pig!* As I was listening to this I caught myself comparing it to Black Flag's early stuff. That could only mean one thing, I was a happy camper. I'd have to describe them as being a mixture of Hardcore/punk and 70's rock, which could be a good or bad thing depending on how you feel about 70's rock. The lyrics are powerful and the tunes move right along with them. It's pretty hip stuff.

Mike Stevenson, P.O.Box 91, Succ St.Henri, Motreal, Quebec H4C 3J7.

I'd describe the stuff put out by Wolfgang as pop music verging on punk with a heavy metal guitar lead going through all of the songs. It's a neat mix except for two things: the vocals don't come through well in the mix, there just isn't enough range and the metal guitar gets annoying after a while, falling into the self-indulgent category. Even so, the music is hard hitting and original, they rock! I bet they sound really cool and grungy live.

3781 Notre Dame W #3, Montreal, Quebec H4C 1P8.

The next two cassette reviews have been done by people other than myself, as I'm sure they'd be glad to have pointed out. The first is by David James (DJ), and the second by Derek Lebrero (DL). Onward...

D.H.I. stands for Death and Horror Inc. and with a name like that you should know what to expect, gloomy, industrial goth and of course that's exactly what it is, except it's good industrial goth. The tape is called *Chemical Land Showdown*, it's fairly noisy but uncluttered with a good beat and metallic vocals sort of like Skinny Puppy used to be before they started selling t-shirts. (DJ)

Charnel House, 1507-25 Wood St, Toronto, Ont M4Y 2P9.

The Birth Defects have put a lot of time and a lot of money into this tape, and when you give it a listen you'll understand why! *Setting Our Own Path* is possibly the best sounding demo tape I've ever heard. This eight song demo is a real cool example of Montreal Hardcore and of what everybody who's part of the scene should stand for. The theme song deals with equality and the others deal with obsession, party poopers, hating your job and also missile storage. However, the moral of this tape is "have a positive outlook". Real good lyrics and a great taping job are pluses to this demo. Great work guys. (DL)

\$5 from Birth Defects, 295 4e Rue, Laval, Quebec H7N 2A6.

Weddings Parties Anything

by Sonja Chichak

Weddings, Parties, Anything is not band desperate for a booking, despite what their name implies. This world-class act barely has one open date on their continent-hopping itinerary. The actual roots of their name are that it is borrowed from *The Clash's Revolution Rock*.

Hailing from Melbourne, Australia, the band had "the idea to try and blend

The Australian music scene is a lot richer than what might be expected. North Americans only see the mega-band success stories like INXS, **Midnight Oil** and **Crowded House** who have made their way into the world arena. But what about new Aussie bands just starting out?

Lawler says that "Fortunately, Sydney and Melbourne have a lot of small venues... for beginning bands they have a

grown up with a similar work ethic which means you start out and play and play and play in pubs for a few years. That's why most Australian bands get good live reviews over here. They know how to keep an audience. What you're seeing is the product of playing live for many years," recounts Wallace, who once played in his family's three-accordion band.

Nothing can prepare a Canadian audience for the amount of raw, kinetic energy that **Weddings, Parties, Anything** belts out on stage. They do everything short of forcing you to have a good time. "Working hard all the time" is the key to crowd-pleasing, according to Lawler.

Wallace argues that "the attitude we have on stage is one-hundred percent performance, trying to communicate with your audience".

Their brand of music is not easy to pinpoint. Because of the accordion, **W.P.A.** are automatically labelled folk. But the Rock 'n Roll spirit is definitely alive in there along with Celtic and numerous other influences. Whichever way you dissect it, it's upbeat and totally enjoyable.

"Musically, it changes all the time. It's widened our scope. We're classified as folk music, which is really music about peoples' lives. That means punk's folk music, rap's folk music... It's all just people telling about their lives. It encompasses all genres of music," says Wallace.

This fresh, original brand of music that **W.P.A.** have been delivering across several continents has been welcomed

pretty good scene there. When I was living in Melbourne, there were four or five pubs with free live entertainment six nights a week, just walking distance from my house."

Most Australian bands do have one essential thing in common: "We have all



PHOTO: Sonja Chichak

Display Their Under Wares



Scorn Of The Women, typical of their thematic subtle messages, comes from their song of the same name. It tells the story of an old friend of singer/guitarist Michael Thomas. As Lawler recalls it "He was partially blind when he went to enlist in the war (WW2) and was refused service because of his eyesight. He was half happy because he didn't have to fight and half sad. In Australia, anyone who doesn't go to war was considered a coward. He was sent a white feather in the post from the women of the town, which was a symbol of cowardice."

This patriotism in the music does have its dark side, says Lawler: "Our only fear is that people misinterpret what we do because it's so definably Australian, that people might think we're trying to cash in on it as loveable curiosities from the antipodes."

"But we're also foreigners in our own country in some respects. When we go to Canada or America or England, the trick is not to be seen as Hollywood-Australian-Crocodile Dundee bullshit... Which we're obviously not."

"We played three gigs in London to about 200 people, but they were all from Australia. They're called London-Aussies—a horrible group of people. They get a bit of money together from some terrible job in Australia, then go to London for a year and spend their time sitting 'round in pubs saying 'What a fuckin' dump'. They hang out with other Aussies in an Australian ghetto called Earl's Court. When an Australian band comes to town, they go and behave like a bunch of cartoon character Australians."

The other players essential to the lineup are Marcus Schinter, the drummer, and Richard Burgman on lead guitar. The overall sound is undeniably the product of a group effort.

Evidently not a strongly cause-oriented band, they have written only one such related song, *Sisters Of Mercy*, which is about a nurses' strike in Melbourne a couple of years ago.

Wallace explains, "Bands like **Midnight Oil** that do take on an issue and say 'do this, do that' can pull it off. They've got a huge, 6'4" front guy."

So what can we expect in the future from **Weddings, Parties, Anything**?

Absolutely more fun and a new album that's "very live-sounding, very natural," states Lawler. "More produced but less mechanical. It sounds more like a band playing than a studio record."

PHOTO: Sonja Chichak

THE GRAPES OF WRATH

By Sonja Chichak

Self-admittedly "the skinniest band in the world", **The Grapes Of Wrath** were officially formed in 1983, in Kelowna, British Columbia, but have actually been playing together since 1977.

Brothers Tom (bass, vocals) and Chris (drums) Hooper started off in their mother's basement making as much noise as possible. According to Chris, she had to wear "industrial strength earmuffs or just leave the house altogether."

This jamming eventually evolved into a punk band called **Gentlemen of Horror**.

Later the duo were joined by vocalist/guitarist Kevin Kane forming an inseparable trio with the conviction and stubborn mentality it takes to make it in the music industry. Concerning setbacks, "Don't let it get in the way of you and what's important to you," says Kevin.

Unexpectedly, the band didn't borrow their name from John Steinbeck's epic novel, but instead from the movie that was made from it. "It just seemed the most appropriate name out of the book of movie titles we were looking through," says Chris.

Vincent Jones, on keyboards completed the act in 1988. "But we've been playing together since October 1987. I answered a classified ad they had put out: 'Looking for a full-time keyboardist'.

But did they mention what band they were in the ad?

"No, we didn't want it answered only by fans or to put off people who didn't like our music. We wanted a keyboardist with a fresh perspective, someone without any preconceived misconceptions," answers Kevin.

"Actually, we were surprised during the first tour together how well we got along as a band and as people," adds Vince.

So far, the Grapes have an independently released four-song EP and three albums under their belt released by Capitol. Their newest effort, *Now and Again* was released in August and "was recorded in Woodstock, New York between January and March this year. It was produced by Anton Fier and it's real good. We hope everybody buys it. It's even available on defective Compact Disc," says Kevin.

Defective?

"The first run was basically all de-

fective but we were told they got all that cleared up. But don't let that dissuade you from buying it. Maybe *September Bowl Of Green* (first album) will be out on defective CD someday; *Treehouse* (second release) already is," Kevin says, laughing. "Actually we shouldn't blame Capitol, they were manufactured at that new CD plant in Quebec".

But why all the hostility towards CDs?

"It's a big scam perpetrated by somebody in charge because CDs cost the same in manufacturing as albums do, but for some reason the prices don't reflect that. At least tapes are cheaper to buy—but they cost dirt to make," says Kevin.

The new album is a definite departure in style for the band. *Now and Again* "has a very real sound to it," he says. "The acoustic guitar sounds like an acoustic guitar being played by a guy into a microphone, without tons of effects on it. But it has a real lushness about it: created just by the way it was recorded. A lot of layering and strings are used on this album as well as pedal-steel guitars. Quite a lot of keyboards (attributed to the arrival of Vincent, no doubt)—not synthesized keyboards but



Hammond organ and piano. The harmony aspect of our sound has been downplayed a little bit."

Some people will undoubtedly be surprised at the evolution of the overall sound of the band. They're hoping to attract a wider audience, and they're doing a fair job of it considering the Montreal August gig was at Café Campus and the October show is scheduled for the Spectrum.

According to Kevin, the lyrics and themes on the new album are "less specific. The last album had songs about small town experiences. About being an outcast within a tight social setting, which is what high-school in a small town is like. It's hard to find a lot of people who are into the same things as you are. When you're into music, especially playing and writing, you're not going to find a whole lot of people who support you. They seem to think that you're doomed to fail simply because you think you're destined to succeed. The lyrics are more emotional but not as specific. More about the feelings and sensations than the actual details. More of an open book".

Over the years, **The Grapes Of Wrath** have changed from an obscure college band to a more commercially

accessible one. Their songs and videos are played nationally on all of the major pop/rock stations. Kevin attributes this shift to "people's tastes in general catching up with the music. Some bands get left by the wayside and some get picked up."

So how would they describe their music?

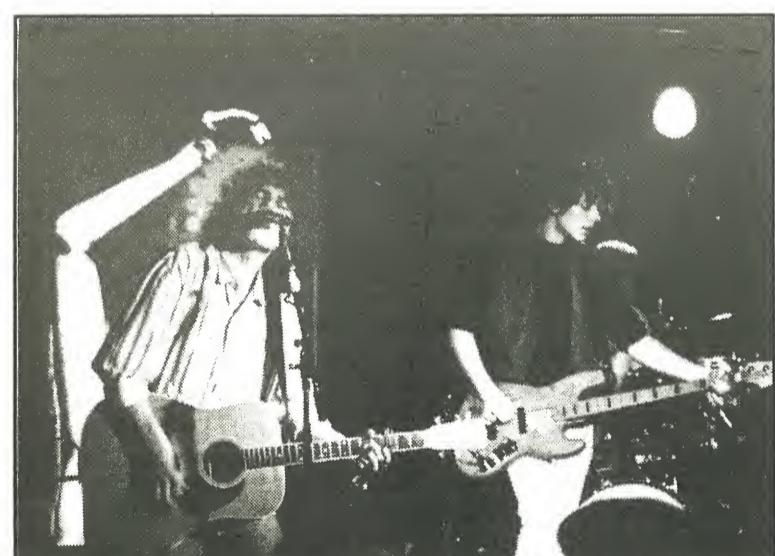
"We're the second greatest show on earth, next to *Barnum and Bailey's*. Actually, we're probably the most sensitive band in the world," answers Tom.

"There's folk influences, rock influences, even some country flavours. The first single, *All the Things I Wasn't* is definitely the starkest thing we've done yet. It started out with just an acoustic guitar—a finger-picky type song. We tried to turn it into an arrangement; but when it came down to recording it, Anton said 'Why don't we just bring it back to what it was. The part itself has rhythm, and it's got counter-melodies within it, so why put things on it that will only interfere?'" says Kevin.

The band's attitude is primarily about getting back to the basics and "doing your own thing..." says Tom.

"All you can do is hope to learn," concludes Kevin.

BY MITCH BRISEBOIS



ELECTRIC CENTIPEDES



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Vocal Wars

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Friday & Saturday, October 20 & 21
BOKOMARU

Friday, October 27
HALLOWEEN PARTY
with SLEEPING SIGNATURE
Lots of drinks & prizes. Draws for free champagne

Saturday, October 28
HALLOWEEN PARTY
with GREEN DEEP
Lots of drinks & prizes. Draws for free champagne

10. Perfect Sense
 11. Enormous Radio
 12. Rain Theatre
 13. High Rise
 16. Vocal Wars
 17. Gori Dupont
 18. The Fuhuer's Project
 19. Yck Inc.
 22. Sunday Night Comedy
 23. Vocal Wars
 24. The Early Primates
 25. Open House Jam Session
 26. The Perfect Now
 29. Bitchin Camaros
 30. Vocal Wars
 31. Bokomaru
- NOVEMBER
1. Frozen Soul
 2. The Cause
 3. No Vise & Beyond Black
 4. No Vise & War Brides
 5. Out Of the Now

WHAT'S UP

27

American Rock Café: 2080 Aylmer. 288-9272
 Café Campus: 3315 Queen Mary. 735-1259
 Club Soda: 5240 Park. 270-7848
 Concordia University: 1455 de Maisonneuve.
 Foufounes Electriques: 97 Ste Catherine St. E. 845-
 5484
 Grand Café: 1720 St. Denis. 849-6955
 Montreal Forum: 2313 Ste. Catherine W. 932-2582
 Peel Pub: 1106 de Maisonneuve W. 845-9002
 Rising Sun: 286 Ste Catherine St. W. 861-0657
 SAS: 382 Mayor
 Spectrum: 318 Ste. Catherine St. W. 861-5851
 Station 10: 2071 Ste. Catherine St. W. 934-0484
 Theatre St. Denis: 1594 St. Denis. 849-4211
 La Terasse: 30 Mont Royal W. 849-3030
 Tycoon: 96 Sherbrooke St. W.

Sunday, October 1
 Foufounes: Vent du Mont Schärr and Lard Bégin. \$5.00.
 Rising Sun: Reggae Jamdown Session featuring Mango.
 Spectrum: Jimmy Cliff and Yellowman. They never told me the price but I guess it doesn't matter anyway since the show has already happened by now.
 Café Campus: 3 dollar country-rock with Peter Case.

Monday, October 2
 Foufounes: Festival International du Rock de Montréal (that's FIRM to you) avec VRP (France) et Ralph et les Baronics. \$5.00.
 Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam with Paul Arthur and Raisin' Cain.
 Station 10: Russian opera star Viktor Mature.
 Kilometre/Heure: Sari Dajari

Tuesday, October 3
 Foufounes: FIRM with some more VRP.
 Bar La Terrasse: Whack That Fish.
 Spectrum: FIRM happening here too with Trafic d'Influence, Stella, Babylon Fighters.
 Station 10: Out of the now + guest.
 Kilometre/Heure: See the 3rd.

Wednesday, October 4
 Foufounes: FIRM featuring Dédé Traké.
 Rising Sun: Dance Hall Reggae brought to you by Rhythm Posse.
 American Rock Café: According to Roger, a guitar is a musical instrument and should be played, not hung on the wall.
 Spectrum: FIRM with Mokombo, Camel Clutch, Michel Pagliaro. Never heard of the first two. Pagliaro is actually Paul McCartney doing Jacksons covers.
 Station 10: Smokin' Stars.

Thursday, October 5
 Foufounes: FIRM avec Parabellum.
 Rising Sun: Same as yesterday.
 American Rock Café: According to Roger.
 Tycoon: Gory Dupont.
 Spectrum: FIRM continues with Jacques Lucien, Los Caryos, Cheb Kader.
 Station 10: A-men. That's what I say.

Friday, October 6
 Foufounes: Pig Farm and Big Bang Theory.
 Rising Sun: Tribute to James Brown with Willie Ray and the Rising Sun Soul Machine.
 American Rock Café: According to Roger, a baseball has 209 stitches.
 Tycoon: Crazy Rhythm Daddies.
 Spectrum: FIRM with Me, Mom, & Morgentaler, Vilain Pingouin, Mano Negra.
 Station 10: The Griffins.

Tuesday, October 10
 Bar La Terrasse: Whack That

MONTREAL

Saturday, October 7
 Foufounes: Ray Condo & His Hardrock Goners.
 Rising Sun: Git up an' git down to the same thing as last night.
 American Rock Café: According to Roger.
 Le Petit Campus: Freeshow with Sunugal.
 Tycoon: War Brides, Rain Theatre, Beyond Black; who will strip the finish off the tables and resurrect the mutant hanging plants.
 Spectrum: FIRM brings us Papa Lesley, Chihuahua, Lipfiba.
 Station 10: Mere Image. No substance an' damn proud of it too.

Fish.
 Spectrum: Bérurier Noir.
 Station 10: Perfect Sense.
 Kilometre/Heure: See the 9th
 Le Belmont: See the 9th.

Wednesday, October 11
 Foufounes: Happenin' Thang.
 Rising Sun: Once again, dance

hall reggae with Rhythm Posse.
 Café Campus: One buck to see the Asexuals.
 Station 10: Enormous Radio. Well why not? They can't always have live entertainment, y'know.
 Thursday, October 12
 Foufounes: Jean LeLoup.
 Rising Sun: From England, The Napoleons.
 American Rock Café: Neon Jungle. As seen on TV.
 Spectrum: Grapes of Wrath and Sarah McLachlan.
 Station 10: Rain Theatre.

Friday, October 13
 Foufounes: See the 12th.
 Rising Sun: Benta.
 Tycoon: The Scraps and The Bargain Hunters.
 Spectrum: Bérurier Noir.
 Station 10: High Rise.
 American Rock Café: See the 12th.

Saturday, October 14
 Foufounes: See the 12th.
 Rising Sun: See the 13th.
 American Rock Café: See the 12th.
 Tycoon: Whack That Fish and Anticosti.
 Spectrum: The Waterboys.
 Station 10: The Selves from NYC, with The Next Step.

Sunday, October 15

Rising Sun: See the 8th.
 American Rock Café: See the 12th.
 Spectrum: See the 14th.

Monday, October 16
 Rising Sun: Blue Monday jam with Billy Martin And the Soul Jets.

Station 10: Battle of the loudmouths in Vocal Wars, the sequel.
 Kilometre/Heure: Shower Team

Tuesday, October 17
 Foufounes: Stephane Fearing & Roger Manning.
 Bar La terrasse: Whack That Fish some more.
 Spectrum: L Chamkar.
 Station 10: OK so it's Gary DuPont, not Gory like I said before. Whoever wrote the copy should strive to meet my standards of consistency. (Actually it's Gori DuPont, but whose keeping track-ed.)
 Kilometre/Heure: See the 16th.

Wednesday, October 18
 Rising Sun: Dance Hall Reggae with Rhythm Posse.
 Station 10: Fuhuer's Project.

Thursday, October 19
 Foufounes Electriques: Lunachicks (yeah!) with Shlonk.
 Rising Sun: See the 18th.
 American Rock Café: Desire.
 Tycoon: Blind Camel.

Le Spectrum: Blue Rodeo
 Station 10: Y.C.K. Inc.

Friday, October 20
 Foufounes: Lydia Lunch
 American Rock Café: See the 19th.
 Le Petit Campus: Crazy Rhythm Daddies (free).
 Tycoon: Mai Jing
 Station 10: Bokomaru

Saturday, October 21
 Foufounes: This is one heck of an exciting day at Foufounes kids, at 2:00pm we have a matinee with MDC and then in the evening there's Marianne Faithful with guest Azalia Snail. Now I tell ya, can you beat that!

Rising Sun: Itels (from Jamaica) with David Isaacs and the Vital Reggae Band.
 American Rock Café: See the 19th.
 Tycoon: Mai Jing with the Perfect Now
 Station 10: See the 20th.

Sunday, October 22
 Foufounes: Marianne Faithful with Azalia Snail
 Rising Sun: See the 21st
 American Rock Café: See the 19th.

Tycoon: Swinging Relatives
 Cafe Campus: Sunday Night Comedy
 Station 10: Sunday Night Comedy

Monday, October 23
 Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam Session with Crawdaddy Blues Band.

Station 10: Vocal Warz.
 Kilometre/Heure: Guayaba (salsa).
 Le Belmont: Jump In the Pool.

Tuesday, October 24
 Foufounes: Front Line Assembly
 Station 10: Early Primates
 Kilometre/Heure: See the 23rd
 Le Belmont: See the 23rd

Wednesday, October 25
 Foufounes: Mudhoney and Fluid and Rise
 Rising Sun: Dance Hall Reggae with Rhythm Posse
 Cafe Campus: Condition
 Station 10: Jam Session with House Band, all welcome to perform

Thursday, October 26
 Foufounes: Tim Bracy, SCAQ presents Music Actuelle
 Rising Sun: See the 25th
 American Rock Café: Neon Jungle
 Station 10: The Perfect Now

Friday, October 27
 Foufounes: Les Granules
 Rising Sun: Jah Children
 American Rock Café: See the 26th
 Tycoon: Ray Condo and His Hard Rock Goners

Station 10: Halloween Bash Weekend with Sleeping Signature. Lots of drinks and prizes. Draw for a free bottle of champagne (surely they mean sparkling wine) per hour.

Saturday, October 28
 Foufounes: Sleeping Signature
 Rising Sun: See the 27th
 American Rock Café: See the 26th
 Tycoon: See the 27th
 Spectrum: The The
 Station 10: Halloween Bash Weekend with Green Deep

Sunday, October 29
 Foufounes: Doughboys and Electric Love Muffin
 Rising Sun: Reggae Jamdown with Mango
 American Rock Café: See the 26th
 Station 10: Bitchin' Cameros

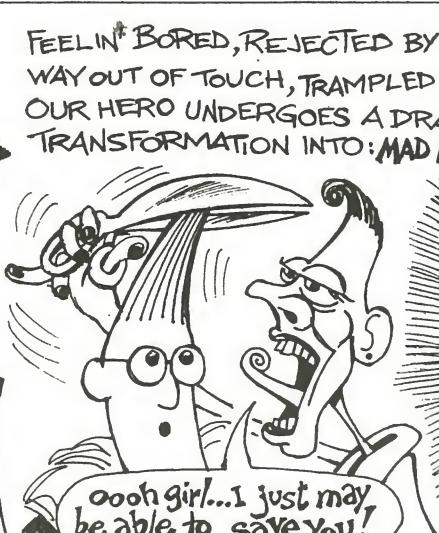
Monday, October 30
 Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam Session with the Midnight Blues Band
 Station 10: Vocal Warz

Tuesday, October 31
 Station 10: Bokomaru
 I think everyone else in town forgot that October has 31 days, what do you think?



PHOTO: Sonja Chichak

LIFE in ROCK N ROLL
 With Melvin
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BÉRURier Noir

TOURNÉe d'Adieu

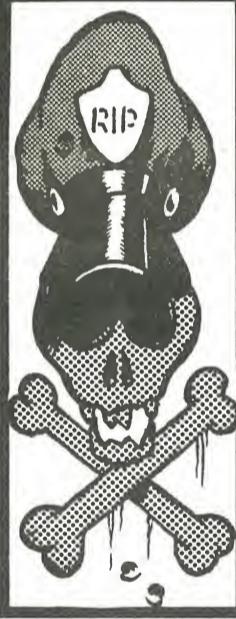
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PARABELLUM**

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OCT 14 - TORONTO - RIVOLI

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